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**SELECT
WORKS**

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL and CRITICAL PREFACES.

BY

DR. AIKIN.

in Ten Volumes: VOL. V.



L O N D O N .

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CONTENTS

OF

THE FIFTH VOLUME.

TICKELL.	Page
COLIN and Lucy. A Ballad	3
To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr. Addison	6
An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus. From Horace. Book II. Ode XV.	10
An Epistle from a Lady in England to a Gentleman at Avignon	13
An Ode, inscribed to the Earl of Sunderland at Windsor	19
HAMMOND.	
Elegy	23
SOMERVILE.	
The Chase. In Four Books.	
Book I.	29
II.	42
III.	59
IV.	79
VOL. V.	A

POPE.

	Page
The Rape of the Lock. An Heroi-Comical Poem. In Five Cantos.	
Canto I.	102
II.	107
III.	111
IV.	117
V.	123
Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato	128
Eloisa to Abelard	129
The Temple of Fame	141
The Fable of Dryope. From Ovid's Meta- morphoses, Book IX.	159
Vertumnus and Pomona. From the same, Book IV.	162
An Essay on Man. In Four Epistles.	
Epistle I. Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe	166
II. Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Himself, as an Individual	177
III. Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society	187
IV. Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness ...	198
Moral Essays. In Five Epistles to several Persons.	
Epistle I. Of the Knowledge and Charac- ters of Men	212

CONTENTS.

iii

	Page
<i>Moral Essays — continued.</i>	
Epistle II. Of the Characters of Women	221
III. On the Use of Riches	231
IV. Of the Use of Riches	245
V. To Mr. Addison, occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals.....	252
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, being the Prologue to the Satires	255
Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue, in imitation of Virgil's Pollio	269
Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady	272
Satire	275
Epistle to Robert Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer	282

SWIFT.

Cadenus and Vanessa	290
Stella's Birth-day	318
The Journal of a Modern Lady, in a Letter to a Person of Quality	320
On the Death of Dr. Swift	329
Baucis and Philemon. On the ever-lamented loss of the two Yew-trees in the Parish of Chilthorne, Somerset. Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.....	347
A Description of the Morning	353
The Grand Question Debated: Whether Ha- milton's Bawn should be turned into a Bar- rack or a Malt-house	354
On Poetry: a Rhapsody	360

	Page
A Description of a City-Shower, in imitation of Virgil's Georgics	376
Horace, Book III. Ode II. To the Earl of Oxford, late Lord Treasurer. Sent to him when in the Tower	378
Mrs. Harris's Petition	379
To the Earl of Peterborow, who commanded the British Forces in Spain.....	385
The Progress of Poetry	386

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THOMAS TICKELL.

THOMAS TICKELL, a poet of considerable elegance, born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle, in 1686, was the son of a clergyman in the county of Cumberland. He was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1701, and having taken the degree of M. A. in 1708, was elected fellow of his college, first obtaining from the crown a dispensation from the statute requiring him to be in orders. He then came to the metropolis, where he made himself known to several persons distinguished in letters. When the negotiations were carrying on which brought on the peace of Utrecht, he published a poem entitled "The Prospect of Peace," which ran through six editions. Addison, with whom he had ingratiated himself by an elegant poem on his opera of Rosamond, speaks highly of "The Prospect of Peace," in a paper of the Spectator, in which he expresses himself as particularly pleased to find that the author had not amused himself with fables out of the Pagan theology. This commendation

Tickell amply repaid by his lines on Addison's Cato, which are superior to all others on that subject, with the exception of Pope's Prologue.

Tickell, being attached to the succession of the House of Hanover, presented George I. with a poem entitled "The Royal Progress;" and more effectually served the cause by two pieces, one called "An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus;" the other, "An Epistle from a Lady in England, to a Gentleman at Avignon." Both these are selected for the purpose of the present work. He was about this time taken to Ireland, by Addison, who went over as secretary to Lord Sunderland. When Pope published the first volume of his translation of the Iliad, Tickell gave a translation of the first book of that poem, which was patronized by Addison, and occasioned a breach between those eminent men. Tickell's composition, however, will bear no poetical comparison with that of Pope, and accordingly he did not proceed with the task. On the death of Addison, he was entrusted with the charge of publishing his works, a distinction which he repaid by prefixing a life of that celebrated man, with an elegy on his death, of which Dr. Johnson says, "That a more sublime or elegant funeral poem is not to be found in the whole compass of English literature." Another piece, which might be justly placed at the head of *sober* lyrics, is his "Ode to the Earl of Sunderland," on his installation as a knight of the Garter; which keeping within the limits of truth, consigns a favourite name to its real honours.

Tickell is represented as a man of pleasing manners, fond of society, very agreeable in conversation, and upright and honourable in his conduct. He was married, and left a family. His death took place at Bath, in 1740, the 54th year of his age.

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound :
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round :

“ I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay ;
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die :
Was I to blame, because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I ?

“ Ah, Colin ! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone :
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare !
But know, fond maid ; and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there !

“ Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.”

She spoke, she dy'd, her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green:
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK,
ON THE
DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires !
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires :
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave !
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of
kings !

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd ;
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd !
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever ; take this long adieu ;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine ;

Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below ;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And saints who taught, and led, the way to heaven ;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbod'd mind ?
A winged *Virtue*, through th' etherial sky,
From world to world unwear'd does he fly ?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze ?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battl'd, and the dragon fell ;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below ?

Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend:
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the Heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me;
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song:
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures
 grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!

How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air !
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze !
His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other hills, however Fortune frown'd ;
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found :
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing ;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
O ! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song !

These works divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon ! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair ! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues : each other's boast ! farewell,
Farewell ! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

AN IMITATION

OF THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

FROM HORACE. BOOK II. ODE XV.

Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
 Indictum ore alio : non secus in jugis
 Ex somnis stupet Euias
 Hebrum prospiciens, et nive candidam
 Thracen, ac pede barbaro
 Lustratam Rhodopen. HOR.

As Mar his round one morning took,
 (Whom some call earl, and some call duke,)
 And his new brethren of the blade,
 Shivering with fear and frost, survey'd,
 On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy
 An aged wizard six feet high,
 With bristled hair and visage blighted,
 Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-sighted.

The grisly sage in thought profound
 Beheld the chief with back so round,
 Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro
 O'er his paternal hills of snow,
 And into these tremendous speeches
 Broke forth the prophet without breeches.

“ Into what hills betray'd, by thee,
 This ancient kingdom do I see !
 Her realms unpeopled and forlorn !
 Wae's me ! that ever thou wert born !
 Proud English loons (our clans o'ercome)
 On Scottish pads shall amble home ;

I see them drest in bonnets blue
 (The spoils of thy rebellious crew);
 I see the target cast away,
 And chequer'd plaid become their prey,
 The chequer'd plaid to make a gown
 For many a lass in London town.

“ In vain thy hungry mountaineers
 Come forth in all thy warlike geers,
 The shield, the pistol, durk, and dagger,
 In which they daily wont to swagger,
 And oft have sally'd out to pillage
 The hen-roosts of some peaceful village,
 Or, while their neighbours were asleep,
 Have carry'd off a lowland sheep.

“ What boots thy high-born host of beggars,
 Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,
 With popish cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,
 And Foster's troop of raggamuffins?

“ In vain thy lads around thee bandy,
 Inflam'd with bag-pipe and with brandy.
 Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,
 With heart so true, and voice so rusty,
 (A loyal soul) thy troops affright,
 While hoarsely he demands the fight?
 Dost thou not generous Ilay dread,
 The bravest hand, the wisest head?
 Undaunted dost thou hear th' alarms
 Of hoary Athol sheath'd in arms?

“ Douglas, who draws his lineage down
 From thanes and peers of high renown,
 Fiery, and young, and uncontroll'd,
 With knights, and squires, and barons bold,

(His noble household-band) advances,
And on the milk-white courser prances.
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars ;
And Monroe, kindled into rage,
Sourly defies thee to engage ;
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,
And horse to boot — if thou hadst any.

“ But see Argyll, with watchful eyes,
Lodg'd in his deep intrenchments lies,
Couch'd like a lion in thy way,
He waits to spring upon his prey ;
While, like a herd of timorous deer,
Thy army shakes and pants with fear,
Led by their doughty general's skill,
From frith to frith, from hill to hill.

“ Is thus thy haughty promise paid
That to the Chevalier was made,
When thou didst oaths and duty barter,
For dukedom, generalship, and garter ?
Three moons thy Jemmy shall command,
With Highland sceptre in his hand,
Too good for his pretended birth,
... Then down shall fall the king of Perth.

“ 'Tis so decreed : for George shall reign,
And traitors be forsworn in vain.
Heaven shall for ever on him smile,
And bless him still with an Argyll.
While thou, pursued by vengeful foes,
Condemn'd to barren rocks and snows,
And hinder'd passing Inverlocky,
Shall burn the clan, and curse poor Jocky.”

AN EPISTLE

FROM A LADY IN ENGLAND TO A GENTLEMAN AT
AVIGNON.

To thee, dear rover, and thy vanquish'd friends,
The health, she wants, thy gentle Chloe sends.
Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,
Worse than an exile on my native shore.
Companions in your master's flight you roam,
Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home ;
For ever near the royal outlaw's side
You share his fortunes, and his hopes divide,
On glorious schemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,
And with imaginary titles swell.

Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred line,
The passive doctrine, and the right divine,
Say, what new succours does the chief prepare ?
The strength of armies ? or the force of prayer ?
Does he from Heaven or Earth his hopes derive ?
From saints departed, or from priests alive ? [stand,
Nor saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops with-
And beads drop useless through the zealot's hand ;
Heaven to our vows may future kingdoms owe,
But skill and courage win the crowns below.

Ere to thy cause, and thee, my heart inclin'd,
Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,
In female joys I took a dull delight,
Slept all the morn, and punted half the night :
But now, with fears and public cares possest,
The church, the church, for ever breaks my rest.
The postboy on my pillow I explore,
And sift the news of every foreign shore,

VOL. V.

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Studious to find new friends, and new allies ;
What armies march from Sweden in disguise ;
How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,
And Rome deals out her blessings, and her gold :
Then o'er the map my finger, taught to stray,
Cross many a region marks the winding way ;
From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,
And grow a mere geographer by love :
But still Avignon, and the pleasing coast
That holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most :
Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,
And span the distance that between us lies.

Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, despair,
Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair :
In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng
War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.
Th' unthinking victors vainly boast their powers ;
Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.
We reason with such fluency and fire,
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,
Against her prelates plead the church's cause,
And from our judges vindicate the laws.
Then mourn not, hapless prince, thy kingdoms lost ;
A crown, though late, thy sacred brows may boast ;
Heaven seems through us thy empire to decree ;
Those who win hearts, have given their hearts to thee.

Hast thou not heard that when, profusely gay,
Our well-drest rivals grac'd their sovereign's day,
We stubborn damsels met the public view
In loathsome wormwood, and repenting rue ?
What Whig but trembled, when our spotless band
In virgin roses whiten'd half the land !

Who can forget what fears the foe possess,
When oaken-boughs mark'd every loyal breast!
Less scar'd than Medway's stream the Norman stood,
When cross the plain he spy'd a marching wood,
Till, near at hand, a gleam of swords betray'd
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering shade?

Those who the succours of the fair despise,
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.
Thy female bards, O prince by fortune crost,
At least more courage than thy men can boast:
Our sex has dar'd the mug-house chiefs to meet,
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought street.
From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,
The land of love, the Paphos of the town,
Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight
With all their poles the guardians of the night,
And bore, with screams of triumph, to their side
The leader's staff in all its painted pride.
Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note
To vend the discontented statesman's thought;
Though red with stripes, and recent from the thong,
Sore smitten for the love of sacred song,
The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade,
Like Philomela darkling in the shade.
Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,
And hums in concert o'er his easy chair.

Meanwhile, regardless of the royal cause,
His sword for James no brother sovereign draws.
The pope himself, surrounded with alarms,
To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms,
And though he hears his darling son's complaint,
Can hardly spare one tutelary saint,

But lists them all to guard his own abodes,
And into ready money coins his gods.
The dauntless Swede, pursued by vengeful foes,
Scarce keeps his own hereditary snows ;
Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorrain
With feasts regale our garter'd youth again.
Safe, Bar-le-Duc, within thy silent grove
The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove :
The knight, who aims unerring from afar,
Th' adventurous knight, now quits the sylvan war :
Thy brinded boars may slumber undismay'd,
Or grunt secure beneath the chesnut shade.
Inconstant Orleans (still we mourn the day
That trusted Orleans with imperial sway)
Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,
Far from the call of his desponding friends.
Such are the terms, to gain Britannia's grace!
And such the terrors of the Brunswick race!

Was it for this the Sun's whole lustre fail'd,
And sudden midnight o'er the Moon prevail'd !
For this did Heaven display to mortal eyes
Aërial knights and combats in the skies !
Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red !
And Thames driv'n backward show'd his secret bed !
False auguries ! th' insulting victor's scorn !
Ev'n our own prodigies against us turn !
O portents construed on our side in vain !
Let never Tory trust eclipse again !
Run clear, ye fountains ! be at peace, ye skies !
And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders rise !

To Rome then must the royal wanderer go,
And fall a suppliant at the papal toe ?

His life in sloth inglorious must he wear.
One half in luxury, and one in prayer?
His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with ease,
The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.
Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal race
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,
In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,
And poll for points of faith his trusty vote!
Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,
And with his casting suffrage fix a creed!
Shall he in robes on stated days appear,
And English heretics curse once a year!
Garnet and Faux shall he with prayers invoke,
And beg that Smithfield piles once more may smoke!
Forbid it, Heaven! my soul, to fury wrought,
Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,
And fear, O Brunswick, 'twill be wholly thine;
Yet still his share thy rival will contest,
And still the double claim divides my breast.
The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,
And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due:
To James my passion and my weakness guide,
But reason sways me to the victor's side.
Though griev'd I speak it, let the truth appear!
You know my language, and my heart, sincere.
In vain did falsehood his fair fame disgrace:
What force had falsehood when he show'd his face!
In vain to war our boastful clans were led
Heaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire shock they fled:
France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame
A second Dunkirk in another name;

In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws,
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows :
Spite of feign'd fears and artificial cries,
The pious town sees fifty churches rise :
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,
And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.

To my sad thought no beam of hope appears
Through the long prospect of succeeding years.
The son, aspiring to his father's fame,
Shows all his sire : another and the same.
He, blest in lovely Carolina's arms,
To future ages propagates her charms :
With pain and joy at strife, I often trace
The mingled parents in each daughter's face ;
Half sickening at the sight, too well I spy
The father's spirit through the mother's eye :
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,
And strive to hate their innocence in vain.

O princess ! happy by thy foes confest !
Blest in thy husband ! in thy children blest :
As they from thee, from them new beauties born,
While Europe lasts, shall Europe's thrones adorn.
Transplanted to each court, in times to come,
Thy smile celestial and unfading bloom,
Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,
And smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.
The fair descendants of thy sacred bed,
Wide-branching o'er the western world shall spread,
Like the fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot
To earthward bending of itself takes root,
Till, like their mother plant, ten thousand stand
In verdant arches on the fertile land ;

Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,
Or hunt, at large, through the wide echoing grove.

O thou, to whom these mournful lines I send,
My promis'd husband, and my dearest friend ;
Since Heaven appoints this favour'd race to reign,
And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain ;
Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake ?
Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,
Tir'd out at length, submit to fate's decree ?
If not to Brunswick, O return to me !
Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend :
What spares whole thousands, may to thee extend.
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,
Great Brunswick's virtue shall secure thy fame :
Say these invite thee to approach his throne,
And own the monarch Heaven vouchsafes to own :
The world, convinc'd, thy reasons will approve ;
Say this to them ; but swear to me 'twas love.

AN ODE

INSCRIBED TO THE

EARL OF SUNDERLAND,

AT WINDSOR.

THOU Dome, where Edward first enroll'd
His red-cross knights and barons bold,
Whose vacant seats, by Virtue bought,
Ambitious emperors have sought :
Where Britain's foremost names are found,
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,

Who made the hostile nations moan,
Or brought a blessing on their own :

Once more a son of Spencer waits,
A name familiar to thy gates ;
Sprung from the chief whose prowess gain'd
The Garter while thy founder reign'd,
He offer'd here his dinted shield,
The dread of Gauls in Cressi's field,
Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

These seats our sires, a hardy kind,
To the fierce sons of war confin'd,
The flower of chivalry, who drew
With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew :
Or with heav'd pole-ax clear'd the field ;
Or who, in justs and tourneys skill'd,
Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,
Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,
Our patriots in the list were join'd.
Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,
Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,
Have in their crimson crosses glow'd ;
But, on just lawgivers bestow'd,
These emblems Cecil did invest,
And gleam'd on wise Godolphin's breast.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,
Fix'd huge Orion in the skies,
And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,
Bespangled with a thousand stars ;

Till letter'd Athens round the Pole
Made gentler constellations roll ;
In the blue heavens the lyre she strung,
And near the Maid the Balance * hung.

Then, Spencer, mount amid the band,
Where knights and kings promiscuous stand,
What though the hero's flame repress'd
Burns calmly in thy generous breast !
Yet who more dauntless to oppose
In doubtful days our home-bred foes !
Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,
Or view'd with less desiring eye !

The sage, who, large of soul, surveys
The globe, and all its empires weighs,
Watchful the various climes to guide,
Which seas, and tongues, and faiths, divide,
A nobler name in Windsor's shrine
Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,
Than sprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,
From ravag'd realms and myriads slain.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,
The rage that sets the world on flame ?
My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind
Whose godlike bounty spares mankind.
For those, whom bloody garlands crown,
The brass may breathe, the marble frown,
To him through every rescued land,
Ten thousand living trophies stand.

* Names of constellations.

JAMES HAMMOND.

JAMES HAMMOND, a popular elegiac poet, was the second son of Anthony Hammond, Esq. of Somersham Place, in Huntingdonshire. He was born in 1710, and was educated in Westminster school, where at an early age he obtained the friendship of several persons of distinction, among whom were Lords Cobham, Chesterfield, and Lyttleton. He was appointed equerry to Frederic, Prince of Wales, and upon his interest was brought into parliament in 1741, for Truro in Cornwall. This was nearly the last stage of his life, for he died in June 1742, at the seat of Lord Cobham, at Stowe. An unfortunate passion for a young lady, Miss Dashwood, who was cold to his addresses, is thought to have disordered his mind, and perhaps contributed to his premature death.

Hammond was a man of an amiable character, and was much regretted by his friends. His "Love Elegies" were published soon after his death by Lord Chesterfield, and have been several times reprinted. It will seem extraordinary that

the noble editor has only once mentioned the name of Tibullus, and has asserted that Hammond, sincere in his love, as in his friendship, spoke only the genuine sentiments of his heart, when there are so many obvious imitations of the Roman poet, even so far as the adoption of his names of Neera, Cynthia, and Delia. It must, however, be acknowledged, that he copies with the hand of a master, and that his imitations are generally managed with a grace that almost conceals their character. Still as they are, in fact, poems of this class, however skilfully transposed, we shall content ourselves with transcribing one which introduces the name of his principal patron with peculiarly happy effect.

ELEGY.

He imagines himself married to Delia, and that, content with each other, they are retired into the country.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terrour hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound.

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast !
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest !

Or, if the Sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my Delia, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away !

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop, and gaze on Delia as I go !
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know !

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown ;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for Delia and myself alone.

Ah, foolish man, who thus of her possess,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind !

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that 's not our own ;
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
May rise, and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
With steady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly sense the deep attention draws.

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's wrongs,
My humble voice shall please one partial maid ;
For her alone I pen my tender song,
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am blest,
The favourite subject of her gentle reign,
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock ;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And sleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah, what avails to press the stately bed,
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep ?

Delia alone can please, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight ;
With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
And equal rapture glows through every night :

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind ;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying press her with my clay-cold hand —
Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my soul shall love thee still :

Oh, quit the room, oh, quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart ;
Oh, leave me, Delia, ere thou see me dead,
These weeping friends will do thy mournful part :

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corse in melancholy state,
Through all the village spread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wondrous loves relate.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, an agreeable poet, was born in 1692, at his father's seat at Edston, in Warwickshire. He was educated at Winchester school, whence he was elected to New College, Oxford. His political attachments were to the Whig party, as appeared from his praises of Marlborough, Stanhope, and Addison. To the latter of these he addressed a poem, in which there is the happy couplet alluded to in the *Spectator*:

“ When panting Virtue her last efforts made,
“ You brought your *Clio* to the Virgin's aid.”

“ *Clio*” was known to be the mark by which Addison distinguished his papers in that miscellany.

Somervile inherited a considerable paternal estate, on which he principally lived, acting as a magistrate, and pursuing with ardour the amusements of a sportsman, varied with the studies of a man of letters. His mode of living, which was hospitable, and addicted to conviviality, threw him into pecuniary embarrassments, which preyed on

his mind, and plunged him into habits which shortened his life. He died in 1742; and his friend Shenstone, with much feeling, announces the event to one of his correspondents. Somervile passed his life in celibacy, and made over the reversion of his estate to Lord Somerville, a branch of the same family, charged with a jointure to his mother, then in her 90th year.

As a poet, he is chiefly known by "The Chase," a piece in blank verse, which maintains a high rank in the didactic and descriptive classes. Being composed by one who was perfectly conversant with the sports which are its subject, and entered into them with enthusiasm, his pictures greatly surpass the draughts of the same kind which are attempted by poets by profession. Another piece connected with this is entitled "Field Sports;" but only describes that of hawking. In his "Hobbinol, or Rural Games," he attempts the burlesque with tolerable success. Of his other pieces, serious and comic, there are few which add to his fame.

THE CHASE.

Book I.

Argument.

The subject proposed. Address to his royal highness the prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chase. Description of a perfect hound. Of sizing and sorting of hounds; the middle-sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chase I sing, hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou, great prince!
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.
While grateful citizens with pompous show,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave

Thy way with flowers, and, as the royal youth
Passing they view, admire and sigh in vain ;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft-warbling ; my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the Chase, the sport of kings ;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious youth !
And if, in future times, some envious prince,
Careless of right, and guileful, should invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand ;
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy passage through th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame : inspir'd by thee
The nobler chase of glory shall pursue
Through fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of
death.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height :
So mimic Art works leisurely, till Time
Improve the piece, or wise Experience give
The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stain'd the woodland-green with purple dye,

New, and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art ;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd ; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
And scour the plains below ; the trembling herd
Start at th' unusual sound, and clamorous shout
Unheard before ; surpris'd, alas ! to find
Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their lord,
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain
Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood :
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound ; at last,
Encumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their shoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars smoke a sacrifice
To that all-gracious Power, whose bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation ; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong necessity, thus first began
The chase of beasts : though bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
Unequal to sustain man's labouring race,
Now every moving thing that liv'd on Earth
Was granted him for food. * So just is Heaven,
To give us in proportion to our wants.

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

Or chance or industry in after-time
Some few improvements made, but short as yet
Of due perfection. In this isle remote
Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor skill'd nor studious ; till from Neustria's coasts
Victorious William, to more decent rules
Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the busy bound, whose well-known cry
His listening peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join
In bloody social leagues, the multitude
Dispers'd ; to size, to sort their various tribes ;
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain ! highly favour'd isle,
And Heaven's peculiar care ! To thee 'tis given
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
That bore the great Pelides through the press
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks ;
Which, proudly neighing, with the Sun begins
Cheerful his course ; and ere his beams decline,
Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty !
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
In vain malignant steams and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts,
The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides

In this delightful exercise, to raise
His drooping herd, and cheer his heart with joy.

Ye vigorous youths, by smiling Fortune blest
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise forefathers' care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T' enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor: To rein the steed
Swift stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack
Opening in consorts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What though the gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease
Creeping through every vein, and nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove; though blasted, yet unfallen;
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirrour view
Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous scene
In all its splendours deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way:
Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight.

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide opening to receive
The Sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he shines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch
And bask in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the streaming light and merry lark,

Forth rush the jolly clan ; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light ! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muses' aid ; untouch'd, unstrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expense, on charitable deeds
Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch,
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor,
Pinch'd with afflictive want. For use, not state,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope,
And all his future triumphs, must depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
To wash thy court well pav'd, nor spare thy pains,
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice scent
O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way ? Banish far off
Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell

Invade thy wide enclosure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care :
In a large square th' adjacent field enclose,
There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,
Or fragrant lime ; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court,
A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Downward thy structure and inverted grove.
Here when the Sun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
Restless, and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails, to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribe ; soon shalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive :
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood :
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursued,
The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye,
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'errule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage ; for oft in sport
Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl,

Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each other's throats, with teeth and claws in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies :
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd
Loud-clamouring seize the helpless worried wretch,
And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcass on th' ensanguin'd plain.
O breasts of pity void ! t' oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n !
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.

Others apart, by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor ! 'mong the ranker grass
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,
And many a painful chase, the wise old hound,
Regardless of the frolic pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade ; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams ; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then, wing'd with all his speed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey,
And in imperfect whimperings speaks his joy.

A different hound for every different chase
Select with judgment ; nor the timorous hare

O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murderous, coursing crew ; intent
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just
Heaven !

And all their painful drudgeries repay
With disappointment and severe remorse.
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play : by Nature led
A thousand shifts she tries ; t' unravel these
Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
Through all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with countenance
blithe,

And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cowering, his wide opening nose
Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy ;
His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints ; his ears and legs
Fleck't here and there, in gay enamell'd pride,
Rival the speckled pard ; his rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch ;
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands ;
His round cat foot, strait hams, and wide-spread
thighs,

And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
Or far-extended plain ; in every part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean

Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
Gigantic ; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds : But if too small,
The pigmy brood in every furrow swims ;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious ; or else shivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the sheltering thorn.
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

As some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after step, their size the same, their arms,
Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze ;
Reviewing generals his merit own ;
How regular ! how just ! And all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty George approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy generous soul, and the world's just applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of different kinds ; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if the amphibious otter be thy chase,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns ;
Or if the harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears ; the deep-flew'd hound,
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure ;
Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round head
Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice

Awake the mountain Echo in her cell,
And shake the forests : The bold Talbot kind
Of these the prime ; as white as Alpine snows ;
And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding through the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilfering race ; well train'd and skill'd
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport :
Not more expert in every fraudulent art
The arch felon * was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize : in vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the covering rock,
In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames
That issued from his mouth ; for soon he paid
His forfeit life : a debt how justly due
To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heaven !
Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey : nor flocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong-barr'd doors
Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way :
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers :

* Cacus, VIRG. *Æn.* lib. viii.

Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick ; his snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy ; then with deep opening mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon ; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the listening crowd
Applaud his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues ; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey :
So exquisitely delicate his sense !

Should some more curious sportsman here inquire
Whence this sagacity, this wondrous power
Of tracing, step by step, or man or brute ?
What guide invisible points out their way
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain ?
The courteous Muse shall the dark cause reveal.
The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here and there
In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the serous particles evade
Through th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by th' incumbent atmosphere compress'd :
The panting Chase grows warmer as he flies,

And through the net-work of the skin perspires ;
Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarified
By the meridian Sun's intenser heat.
To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
With nostrils opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale
The vigorous hounds pursue, with every breath
Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confess
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
At eve forebode a blustering stormy day,
Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
Of the dry parching east, menace the trees
With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease ; listless they shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
Though oft invoc'd ; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumbering tribe, with heavy eyes
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted ; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours ; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips

Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit.
But if the inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead ;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome,
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven,
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
Though purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred,
polite,
Credit thy calling. See ! how mean, how low,
The bookless sauntering youth, proud of the skut
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
And rusty couples gingling by his side.
Be thou of other mould ; and know that such
Transporting pleasures were by Heaven ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

Book II.

Argument.

Of the power of instinct in brutes. Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roe-buck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind. Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chase. Transition to the Asiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian

princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the history of Gengiscan the Great. Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

Nor will it less delight th' attentive sage
To observe that Instinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore, [swift
And oft transcends : Heaven-taught, the roe-buck
Loiters at ease before the driving pack
And mocks their vain pursuit ; nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued ; strain'd to excess each nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew fails ; they pant, they foam ;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis Instinct that directs the jealous hare
To chuse her soft abode. With step revers'd
She forms the doubling maze ; then, ere the morn
Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her close recess.

As wandering shepherds on th' Arabian plains
No settled residence observe, but shift
Their moving camp, now, on some cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze ;
And then, below, where trickling streams distil
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their fainting flocks : so the wise hares
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous
wiles

Plot their destruction ; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary and close they sit.
When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood. When summer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young :
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert : yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd
In the long grass they skulk, or 'shrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing still,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But every season carefully observ'd,
Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers ; the fields are shorn ;
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase ; his barns are stor'd,
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd ;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse

Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd :
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, some kind power invisible !
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal ;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
Oh ! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right !
Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye,
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs
With matchless speed thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn ! mild blushing goddess, hail !
Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora ; here deep sunk in down
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their mattins chaunt, nor brook my long delay.
My courser hears their voice ; see there, with ears

And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground ;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys
Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain
The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play :
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack ;
A thousand wanton gaities express
Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.
The rising Sun, that o'er th' horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene !
Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

Huntsman, lead on ! behind the clustering pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey :
Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves ;
But let thy brisk assistant on his back
Imprint thy just resentments ; let each lash
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes ;
Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank mead
Affords the wandering hares a rich repast ;
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they spread,

And range around, and dash the glittering dew.
If some staunch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along !
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste ; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
Th' harmonious concert breaks ; till more assur'd
With joy redoubled the low valleys ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way !
Ah ! there she lies ; how close : she pants, she doubts
If now she lives ; she trembles as she sits,
With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grass that clings
Around her head, of the same russet hue,
Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off ; see how direct
To her known mew she flies ! Here, huntsman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground ! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds let loose
From the dark caverns of the blustering god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.

Hope gives them wings while she's spurr'd on by
fear.

The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stripp'd for the chase, give all your souls to joy !
See how their coursers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce
print

The grass unbruise'd ; with emulation fir'd
They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks ; with steady hands, by turns
Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares ? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntsman ! her gait observe ; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she 'll foil the beaten track.
But if she fly, and with the favouring wind
Urge her bold course ; less intricate thy task :
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch,
The frightened Chase leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
Ah ! never to return ! For greedy Death
Hovering exults, secure to seize his prey.

Hark ! from yon covert, where those towering oaks
Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
Upon our ravish'd ears ! The hunters shout,

The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding notes,
The pack wide opening load the trembling air
With various melody ; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Through all the regions near : afflictive birch
No more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke,
Scampering he flies, nor heeds his master's call ;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill ; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfinish'd furrow ; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy ! men, boys, and girls
Desert th' unpeopled village ; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd.
Look, how she pants ! and o'er yon opening glade
Slips glancing by ! while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound
Slily she skirts ; behind them cautious creeps ;
And in that very track, so lately stain'd
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason ; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagems inspires
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold — I see her from the covert break ;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits ;
Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pondering, and doubtful what new course to take,
And how t' escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew,
That still urge on, and still in volleys loud
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.

As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gathering storm, her fears prevail,
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies ; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvass wings, scud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
In pleasing hurry and confusion tost ;
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unweari'd, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue ; our labouring steeds
We press, we gore ; till once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting ; there we breathe awhile ;
Then, like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrivall'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack ; how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious scent ; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd ;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chase
Sinking he finds : then to the head he springs
With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntsman, take heed ; they stop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See ! that old hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful sense ; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark ! now again the chorus fills. As bells

Sally'd awhile, at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toss, with animated rage
Recovering all they lost ! — That eager haste
Some doubling wile foreshows. — Ah ! yet once more
They're check'd, — hold back with speed — on either
hand

They flourish round — ev'n yet persist — 'Tis right,
Away they spring ; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor Chase
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd
secure,

With love and plenty blest. See ! there she goes,
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks !
The sweat, that clogs th' obstructed pores, scarce
leaves

A languid scent. And now in open view
See, see, she flies ! each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.
How quick she turns ! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives ; till, round enclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Threïcian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard !
Loud was the cry ; hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Return'd their clamorous rage ; distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain ;
For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,

By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails and yet quivering heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies
A mangled corse ; in her dim glaring eyes
Cold Death exults, and stiffens every limb.
Aw'd by the threatening whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay ; or at their master's foot,
Each happy favourite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, dastard animal, but vers'd
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud, aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence, and grandeur of the chase ;
Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind ?
Why neighs the warrior horse ? From tent to tent,
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude ?
Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain ?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel ;
Nor the great Sophy, with his numerous host,

Lays waste the provinces ; nor glory fires
To rob and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries.
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor : but mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword ! on beasts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes !
Imperial Dehli, opening wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race :
Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein th' Arabian steed, and watch his nod :
And potent rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent ; but here submit
Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.
Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair sultanas of his court : a troop
Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intrusive eye ; one look is death.
Ah, cruel eastern law ! (had kings a power
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the Sun's all-cheering ray,
Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
Slaves and artificers ; and Dehli mourns

Her empty and depopulated streets.
Now at the camp arriv'd, with stern review,
Through groves of spears, from file to file he darts
His sharp experienc'd eye ; their order marks,
Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On these extended plains, when Ammon's son
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host
More numerous of old, which the great king *
Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled East,
That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,
And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference, full many a league
In compass round ; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces ; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.
He from the throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chase,
From ancient records drawn. With reverence low,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads ; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these command,

* Xerxes.

Those execute with speed, and punctual care,
In all the strictest discipline of war:
As if some watchful foe, with bold insult,
Hung lowering o'er their camp. The high resolve,
That flies on wings through all th' encircling line,
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So by the Sun's attractive power controll'd,
The planets in their spheres roll round his orb:
On all he shines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
The signal given by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems,
And like a sheet of fire, through the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers' shouts,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air,
Round all the wide circumference, tigers fell
Shrink at the noise, deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquisitive; strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From every covert, and from every den,

'The hurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops ; the forest seems
One mingling blaze : like flocks of sheep they fly
Before the flaming brand : fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears and wolves ; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes ; growling along,
They stalk indignant ; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs peeling on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the Night
Wrapt in her sable veil forbids the chase,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and fires
At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy light.
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades ! where erst the bird
That glads the night had cheer'd the listening groves
With sweet complainings. Through the silent gloom
Oft they the guards assail ; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus day by day they still the chase renew,
At night encamp ; till now in streighter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on every side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean ;

From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Against their fellow-brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins ; grappling they tear.
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves :
Horrible discord ! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides ; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So object is a tyrant in distress !

At last, within the narrow plain confin'd,
A listed field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far
Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in heaps,
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array,
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance ; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early resolv'd t' assert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar ; and down the rock
Swift shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With javelins arm'd attend ; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and, to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,
From his high-elevated throne beholds

His blooming race ; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eye, and flushes in his cheek.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within,
Rent wide the welkin ; flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and javelins launch'd from every arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd through and through. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting Nature shrinks, and rouses all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire ; and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose ; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves ; with pointed spears they pierce
Through their tough hides ; or at their gaping mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his last ; the bear
Grumbles in death ; nor can his spotted skin,
Though sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey :
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of every kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain

Alive, with vain assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd. [work
And now perchance (had Heaven but pleas'd) the
Of death had been complete ; and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race.
When lo ! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant Beauty begs ? At his command,
Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes.
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborn,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of power 'gainst the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd : here quench your thirst of
blood :
But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

Book III.

Argument.

Of king Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of
wolves' heads upon the kings of Wales : from
hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is
described in all its parts. Censure of an over-

numerous pack. Of the several engines to destroy foxes, and other wild beasts. The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it. Description of the pitfall for the lion; and another for the elephant. The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirrour. The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar. Description of the royal stag-chase at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

IN Albion's isle, when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
Lanch'd half her forests, and with numerous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain : there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled.
Rich commerce flourish'd ; and with busy oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
His royal cares ; wise, potent, gracious prince !
His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
And from rapacious savages their flocks :
Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves ; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the ravenous race extinct is lost.
In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd
The social troops ; and soon their large increase
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas ! the wily fox remain'd,

A subtle, pilfering foe, prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,
Seis'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, through the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain :
While in th' adjacent bush, poor Philomel
(Herself a parent once; till wanton churls
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments,
With sweeter notes, and more melodious woe.

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman, prepare
Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh ! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
To just disgrace ! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See ! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this way, and that,
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark ! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.
As straggling armies, at the trumpet's voice,
Press to their standard ; hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods ; with hasty step
Rustling, and full of hope ; now driven on heaps
They push, they strive ; while from his kennel
sneaks

The conscious villain. See ! he skulks along,
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here below.
Though high his brush he bear, though tipt with
white

It gaily shine ; yet ere the Sun declin'd
Recall the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd, and at his heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood. [hearts
Heavens ! what melodious strains ! how beat our
Big with tumultuous joy ! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony ; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, through every dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.
The chorus swells ; less various, and less sweet,
The trilling notes, when in those very groves,
The feather'd choristers salute the Spring,
And every bush in concert joins ; or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers
Of music in one instrument combine,
An universal minstrelsy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe ;
He pants for purer air. Hark ! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves ! he breaks away.
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling
hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean generous steed ;

Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur ;
But, in the madness of delight, forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course ; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls ; in vain the ditch
Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain ;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft :
So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm. [Chase

What lengths we pass ! where will the wandering
Lead us bewilder'd ! smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.
See my brave pack ; how to the head they press,
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain !
The panting courser now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel ; urg'd by the goring spur,
Makes many a faint effort : he snorts, he foams,
The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and view
The strange confusion of the vale below,

Where sour vexation reigns ; see yon poor jade !
In vain th' impatient rider frets and swears ;
With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides :
He can no more : his stiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,
For every cruel curse returns a groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,
Well fed with every nicer cate ; no cost,
No labour spar'd ; who, when the flying Chase
Broke from the copse, without a rival led
The numerous train : now a sad spectacle
Of pride brought low, and humbl'd insolence,
Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along.
While these, with loosen'd reins and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
Their weights : another in the treacherous bog
Lies floundering, half ingulph'd. What biting
thoughts

Torment th' abandon'd crew ! Old age laments
His vigour spent : the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curses his cumbersome bulk ; and envies now
The short pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath [height
Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman, from this
Observe yon birds of prey ; if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks : they hover round
And claim him as their own. Was I not right ?
Sec ! there he creeps along ; his brush he drags,
And sweeps the mire impure ; from his wide jaws

His tongue unmoisten'd hangs ; symptoms too sure
Of sudden death. Ha ! yet he flies, nor yields
To black despair. But one loose more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark ! through yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
Through every homestall, and through every yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies ;
Through every hole he sneaks, through every jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own :
But, faithful to the track, th' unerring bounds
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.
And now distress'd, no sheltering covert near,
Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize ; and on his blood
With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead :
And all th' assembled village shouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a short repast :
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product ; and his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here must th' instructive Muse (but with respect)
Censure that numerous pack, that crowd of state,
With which the vain profusion of the great

Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling
Pompous encumbrance ! A magnificence
Useless, vexatious ! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage ; slinks behind,
And slyly creeps through the same beaten track,
And hunts them step by step : then views, escap'd,
With inward ecstasy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world :
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of chosen veterans ; they press blindly on,
In heaps confus'd by their own weapons fall,
A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy :
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day,
With silence drags his trail ; then from the ground
Pares thin the close-graz'd turf, there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press
The yielding surface. By th' indented steel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain : yet oft 'tis known,
When every art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But, if perchance

In the deep pitfall plung'd, there 's no escape ;
But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass hangs.

Of these are various kinds ; not even the king
Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave :
But, by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn ; and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore ;
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts ; the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand ; the dismal road
And avenue to Death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands ; and low into the ground
A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The butt of some fair tree ; upon whose top
A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam.
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's brow ;
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His ravenous paws, with recent gore distain'd.

The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoyed he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies
Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what a wail
Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail,
That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane
The terrour of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife,
When sovereign reason combats brutal rage.

On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a different kind, and different use.
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds surcharg'd; the downy peach,
The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey
Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade

With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides ; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah ! too dearly bought ;
The price is life. For now the treacherous turf
Trembling gives way ; and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth ; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, ingulph'd
With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man !
How various are thy wiles ! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race !
Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pard
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy ;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not : at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirrour stops in full career
The furious brute : he there his image views ;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow ;
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Distends his opening paws ; himself against
Himself opposed, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.

Thus man innumerable engines forms, t' assail
The savage kind ; but most the docile horse,
Swift and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains ; without whose aid
The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war.
But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.

Him the fierce Arab mounts, and, with his troop
Of bold compeers, ranges the deserts wild ;
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden course ; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immerst and lost. While these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horses' speed, outfly the storm, [prey,
And scouring round, make men and beasts their
The grisly boar is singled from his herd,
As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide ; and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
But perilous th' attempt. For if the steed
Haply too near approach ; or the loose earth
His footing fail, the watchful angry beast
Th' advantage spies ; and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And, plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant ; then bleeding spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed ; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood

Of darts upon his back he bears ; adown
His tortur'd sides, the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font. And now at last
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious Muse, intent
On antique tales ? while yet the royal stag
Unsung remains. Tread with respectful awe [bard,
Windsor's green glades ; where Denham, tuneful
Charm'd once the listening Dryads, with his song
Sublimely sweet. O ! grant me, sacred shade,
To glean submit what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning Sun, that gilds with trembling rays
Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chase, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay ; heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
The fairest of this isle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd shades : in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior ; of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their power, and grace their court
With real splendours, far above the pomp
Of Eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old ; unskill'd to wield the sword,
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright

Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires every heart. He must be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal power,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids,
Ever triumphant ! whose victorious charms,
Without the needless aid of high descent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great
lords

To bow and sue for grace. But who is he
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As opening lilies ; on whom every eye
With joy and admiration dwells ? ' See, see,
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chase array'd ?
Or Britain's second hope ? Hail, blooming youth !
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject,
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns ; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,
While pass the glittering court, and royal pair :
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,

Let loose the general chorus ; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair ; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head, the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts -
He tries ! not more the wily hare ; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunter's cheering shouts
Float through the glades, and the wide forest rings.
How merrily they chant ! their nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
And such th' harmonious din, the soldier deems
The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
Forgets his weighty cares ; each age, each sex,
In the wild transport joins ; luxuriant joy,
And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
On every brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
How happy art thou, man, when thou 'rt no more
Thyself ! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval and ease from pain !

See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown ? or who the quivering bog
Soft-yielding to the step ? All now is plain,
Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades,
The forest opens to our wondering view :
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce

Lay waste the world ; his the more glorious part
To check their pride ; and when the brazen voice
Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)
T' employ his station'd legions in the works
Of peace ; to smooth the rugged wilderness,
To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of Nature, with th' embellishments of Art.

How melts my beating heart ! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
Push on the generous steed, that strokes along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor falters in th' extended vale below :
Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks !
While at their sides their pensive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious course ; now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O ! grant, indulgent Heaven, no rising storm
May darken with black wings this glorious scene !
Should some malignant power thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen.
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair,
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now the blown stag, through woods, bogs, roads,
and streams
Has measur'd half the forest ; but alas !
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Though far he cast the lingering pack behind,
His haggard fancy still with horror views

The fell destroyer ; still the fatal cry
Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear
The dying shrieks ; and the pale threatening ghost
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.
See here his slot ; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow awhile, sadly looks back
On his pursuers, covering all the plain ;
But wrung with anguish, bears not long the sight,
Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale.
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted power
Was still rewarded with successful love.
But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men,
Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chase him from thence : needless their impious deed,
The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
Black, and imboss ; nor are his hounds deceiv'd ;
Too well distinguish these, and never leave
Their once devoted foe ; familiar grows
His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
Skims o'er the lawn ; still the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And push him many a league. If haply then
Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career ; passive they stand,
Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious crowd,
As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.

So at their general's voice whole armies halt
In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams
Damm'd up awhile, they foam, and pour along
With fresh recruited might. The stag, who hop'd
His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd
The dreadful din ; he shivers every limb,
He starts, he bounds, each bush presents a foe.
Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,
Breathless, and faint, he falters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
Sustain their load : he pants, he sobs appall'd !
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye surprize him ; soon he rears
Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-dissembled vigour, to amuse
The knowing forester ; who inly smiles
At his weak shifts and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waste their last remains,
Shine forth awhile, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow through the vales ; the moving storm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view
With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What strength is left : to the last dregs of life
Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on every side
Hemm'd in, besieg'd ; not the least opening left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.
Where shall he turn ? or whither fly ? Despair

Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around ; beneath his feet
These grovelling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah ! see distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear, his front presents
An host of foes. O ! shun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd,
To dare some great exploit ; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly diverse ; then as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with equal violence :
Then takes the soil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant ; down the mid-stream he wafts
Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek) close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.
His nose alone above the wave draws in
The vital air ; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But sparingly perspire : the huntsman strains
His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain :

At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of sense, winds him from far ;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud opening spends amain, and his wide throat
Swells every note with joy ; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd,
Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack ;
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain
The slippery bank, while others on firm land
Engage ; the stag repels each bold assault,
Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when some wily corsair boards a ship
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts,
Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he slings ; these in the deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
And clinging climb aloft ; while those on board
Urge on the work of Fate ; the master bold,
Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the stag : so he resolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himself, his foes, in one deep gulph immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild disorder once more views the light ;
Beneath a weight of woe he groans distress'd,

The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks ;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry pack,
Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great Prince ! from thee what may thy subjects
hope ;

So kind, and so beneficent to brutes !
O Mercy, heavenly born ! sweet attribute !
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power !
Justice may guard the throne, but, join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath ; soon as thy smiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

BOOK IV.

Argument.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man. Of breeding of hounds ; the season for this business. The choice of the dog, of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of setting them out to their several walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at sheep. Of the diseases of hounds. Of their age. Of madness ; two sorts of it described, the dumb and outrageous madness : its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences. The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed

apart. The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, described. Description of the otter hunting. The conclusion.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Dissolv'd : the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish,
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subservient to his will, and for him made.
As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves ; their sole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill, as erst the Samian sage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now
As vainly preach ; the teeming ravenous brutes
Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
Encumbering all the globe : should not his care
Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And through the deserts range, shivering, forlorn,
Quite destitute of every solace dear,
And every smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply
With annual large recruits his broken pack,
And propagate their kind : as from the root
Fresh scions still spring forth and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent-tree.

Far shall his pack be fam'd, far sought his breed,
And princes at their tables feast those hounds
His hand presents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the Sun through the bright Ram has urg'd
His steepy course, or mother Earth unbound
Her frozen bosom to the Western gale ;
When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolv'd,
Select their mates, and on the leafless elm
The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest,
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
Their pyebald mates enamour'd ; their red eyes
Flash fires impure ; nor rest, nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In separate cells
Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter ; on Scamander's streams
Heroes of old with far less fury fought
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy favourite hounds shall lie,
Stretch'd on the ground ; thy kennel shall appear
A field of blood : like some unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death.
And still the best beloved, and bravest fall :
Such are the dire effects of lawless love.

Huntsman ! these ills by timely prudent care
Prevent : for every longing dame select
Some happy paramour ; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Consider well

His lineage ; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or tread the brake
With thorn sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briers in-
woven ;

Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size.
Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
His inward habits : the vain babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false alarms, and loud impertinence.
Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illusive from the pack ; to the next hedge
Devious he strays, there every muse he tries ;
If haply then he cross the steaming scent,
Away he flies vain-glorious ; and exults
As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
And strength unrivall'd. Lo ! cast far behind
His vex'd associates pant, and labouring strain
To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach
Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose,
His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.
What can from such be hop'd, but a base brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race ?

When now the third revolving Moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above th' horizon's brink,
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd ; short pangs produce to light
The smoking litter ; crawling helpless, blind,
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam

Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure
view

The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy ; but to the merciless flood
Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster-parent give the care
Of thy superfluous brood ; she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring ; pleas'd thou shalt behold
Her tenderness, and hospitable love.

If frolic now and playful they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf,
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic chase,
Coursing around ; unto the choicest friends
Commit thy valued prize : the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Caress, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd youngster, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport ; his nerves unstrung,
And strength unequal ; the laborious chase
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field ; not all at once,

But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline. With these consort
The stanch and steady sages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,
And subtle doublings of the various Chase.
Easy the lesson of the youthful train
When instinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward youngster at the head
Press boldly on in wanton sportive mood,
Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
The ruling whip. But if he stoop behind
In wary modest guise, to his own nose
Confiding sure ; give him full scope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience, and his care : soon shalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the listening pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain
In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
Tie fast the rash offender. See ! at first
His horn'd companion, fearful and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground ;
Then, with his load fatigu'd, shall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
The panting wretch ; till, breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides

Lash after lash, and with thy threatening voice,
Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves
Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air,
Assail their dangerous foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd ; as curious artists bend
The taper pliant twig, or potters form
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is 't enough to breed ; but to preserve,
Must be the huntsman's care. The stanch old
hounds,

Guides of thy pack, though but in number few,
Are yet of great account ; shall oft untie
The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd,
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in senates who preside,
With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech,
Conduct the staring multitude ; so these
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boast discoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave.
Short is their span ; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus in old Homer's song
So highly honour'd : kind, sagacious brute !
Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal
Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicer sense.

Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well pleas'd.

Of lesser ills the Muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low ; of these each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O ! what care,
What prudence, can prevent madness, the worst
Of maladies ? Terrific pest ! that blasts
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
Through all th' unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite ;
Or that Apulian spider's poisonous sting,
Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the Sun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou
Each ev'n and morn, with quick observant eye,
Thy panting pack. If, in dark sullen mood,
The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate ; with speed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease
Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But, this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.
Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
Sits sadly pining ; deep melancholy,
And black despair, upon his clouded brow
Hang lowering ; from his half opening jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Distilling fall ; and from his lungs inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition : his dim eyes are glaz'd,

He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
No more support his weight ; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd ; till Death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or, if outrageous grown, behold, alas !
A yet more dreadful scene ; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like some angry boar
Churning he foams ; and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise ; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air ; with rough hoarse voice
Incessant bays, and snuffs the infectious breeze ;
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own shade : jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply towards the stream
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
His soul ; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round.
The pack fly diverse ; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.

If now perchance through the weak fence escap'd
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze ; nor man, nor beast,
He spares implacable. The hunter-horse,
Once kind associate of his sylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and listening hears with joy
The cheering cry, that morn and eve salutes
His raptur'd sense,) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped ! no more, alas !
Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud

Thy gentleness, thy speed ; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
Visits thy stall, well pleas'd ; no more shalt thou
With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud opening pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For oh ! the secret wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground, and dies !
Hence to the village with pernicious haste
Baleful he bends his course : the village flies
Alarm'd ; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe ; the doors are barr'd,
And flying curs, by native instinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane ; the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find ; clubs, forks, or guns,
From every quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder, and uncouth array :
Till, now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and
gor'd,

At one short poisonous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muse, return, and view
With heavy heart that hospital of woe ;
Where Horror stalks at large ! insatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey : each hour presents
A different scene of ruin and distress.
How busy art thou, Fate ! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath ! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie ; o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil ; not conscious why
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble
reigns.

Huntsman ! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate ! Ah ! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
As erst the vestal flames ; the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide ; and if surpriz'd
Thou feelst the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterize
The wound ; spare not thy flesh, nor dread th' event :
Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails.

Here should the knowing Muse recount the means
To stop this growing plague. And, here, alas !
Each hand presents a sovereign cure, and boasts
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.

On this depend, each to his separate seat
Confine, in fetters bound ; give each his mess
Apart, his range in open air ; and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A generous victim for the public weal.

Sing, philosophic Muse, the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure ; but soon shall wish
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.
A fate more dismal, and superior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the Moon,
Closing her monthly round, returns again

To glad the night ; or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of Heaven ; the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The poisonous foam
Through the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th' arterial fluid : whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil ; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part
Unable to resist : the tender brain
And stomach suffer most ; convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent pains
Pinch sore the sleepless wretch ; his fluttering pulse
Oft intermits ; pensive, and sad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain ; to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares ; at last with boundless sway
The tyrant frenzy reigns : for as the dog
(Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites ;
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Present like species to his troubled mind ;
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer sung) th' associates wild
Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms [groves,
To swine transform'd, ran grunting through the
Dreadful example to a wicked world !
See there distress'd he lies ! parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink. Till now at last his soul

Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial Maid :
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steep, through coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack :
But skim with wanton wing the irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flowery meads
Perpetual glide along ; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd ; gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind ; where they at will
On the green watery reed their pasture graze,
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not Oppression ? Where, alas !
Is Innocence secure ? Rapine and Spoil
Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps ; seas have their sharks,
Rivers and ponds enclose the ravenous pike ;
He in his turn becomes a prey ; on him
Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserv'd : but tyrants know no bounds ; nor spears
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws ; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp ; nor all his arts can save
Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud ; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
This midnight pillager, ranging around,

Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

The subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch : whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Dispute the felon's claim ; try every root,
And every reedy bank ; encourage all
The busy spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance ; loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd ! and on that bank
Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah ! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.
Hark ! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes

Float with the stream ; and every winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts ! [sounds
What clamour loud ! What gay heart-cheering
Urge through the breathing brass their mazy way !
Nor quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade
Rank-scenting clings ! See ! how the morning dews
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range ; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous ; or through reedy pools
Rustling they work their way : no hole escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour stings ; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay !
They put him down. See, there he drives along !
Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the sheltering deeps. Ah ! there he vents !
The pack plunge headlong, and pretended spears
Menace destruction : while the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind,
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents !

Sec, that bold bound has seiz'd him ! down they sink
Together lost : but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See, there escap'd, he flies
Half-drown'd, and clammers up the slippery bank
With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long ; but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents ;
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
His neck ; the crimson waves confess the wound.
Fixt is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
Where'er he flies ; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts ; sure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans ; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo ! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate : his numerous foes
Surround him, bounds, and men. Pierc'd through
and through,

On pointed spears they lift him high in air ;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain :
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains,
Proclaim the felon's fate ; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in sign of liberty
Restor'd ; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice secure and bless'd ; did not as yet
Remain some of your own rapacious kind ;
And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O happy ! if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields ; whom Nature boon

Cheers with her smiles, and every element
Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedestals ; nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet these the meanest of us may behold ;
And at another's cost may feast at will
Our wondering eyes ; what can the owner more ?
But vain, alas ! is wealth, not grac'd with power.
The flowery landscape, and the gilded dome,
And vistas opening to the wearied eye,
Through all his wide domain ; the planted grove,
The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
Th' ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
Is harrow'd day and night ; he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See, there he comes, th' exalted idol comes !
The circle 's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth ; from every mouth
The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns
With promises, that die as soon as born.
Vile intercourse ! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch ; all his glories fade ;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day ; without one friend
To soothe his tortur'd mind : all, all are fled.
For, though they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.

Not such our friends ; for here no dark design,
No wicked interest, bribes the venal heart ;
But inclination to our bosom leads,
And weds them there for life ; our social cups
Smile, as we smile ; open, and unreserv'd,

We speak our inmost souls ; good-humour, mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth every brow, and glow on every cheek.

O happiness sincere ! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
Upon the slippery pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and secure !

Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and submit adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul
To this gross clay confin'd flutters on Earth
With less ambitious wing ; unskill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way ;
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds ; subservient to his voice,
Who, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all ; bids the great system move,
And changeeful seasons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself : yet this at least
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours ; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest Want
That dares not ask. And if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline ; fields, woods, and
streams,

Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th' horizon round.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ALLEXANDER POPE, an English poet of great eminence, was born in London in 1688. His father, who appears to have acquired wealth by trade, was a Roman Catholic, and being disaffected to the politics of King William, he retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where he purchased a small house with some acres of land, and lived frugally upon the fortune he had saved. Alexander, who was from infancy of a delicate habit of body, after learning to read and write at home, was placed about his eighth year under the care of a Romish priest, who taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek. His natural fondness for books was indulged about this period by Ogilby's translation of Homer, and Sandys's of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which gave him so much delight, that they may be said to have made him a poet. He pursued his studies under different priests, to whom he was consigned. At length he became the director of his own pursuits, the variety of which proved that he was by no means deficient in industry, though his reading was rather excursive

than methodical. From his early years poetry was adopted by him as a profession, for his poetical reading was always accompanied with attempts at imitation or translation ; and it may be affirmed that he rose at once almost to perfection in this walk. His manners and conversation were equally beyond his years ; and it does not appear that he ever cultivated friendship with any one of his own age or condition.

Pope's Pastorals were first printed in a volume of Tonson's Miscellanies in 1709, and were generally admired for the sweetness of the versification, and the lustre of the diction, though they betrayed a want of original observation, and an artificial cast of sentiment : in fact, they were any thing rather than real pastorals. In the mean time he was exercising himself in compositions of a higher class ; and by his " Essay on Criticism," published two years afterwards, he obtained a great accession of reputation, merited by the comprehension of thought, the general good sense, and the frequent beauty of illustration which it presents, though it displays many of the inaccuracies of a juvenile author. In 1712 his " Rape of the Lock," a mock heroic, made its first appearance, and conferred upon him the best title he possesses to the merit of invention. The machinery of the Sylphs was afterwards added, an exquisite fancy-piece, wrought with unrivalled skill and beauty. The " Temple of Fame," altered from Chaucer, though partaking of the embarrassments of the original plan, has many passages which may rank with his happiest efforts.

In the year 1713, Pope issued proposals for publishing a translation of Homer's *Iliad*, the success of which soon removed all doubt of its making an accession to his reputation, whilst it afforded an ample remuneration for his labour. This noble work was published in separate volumes, each containing four books; and the produce of the subscription enabled him to take that house at Twickenham which he made so famous by his residence and decorations. He brought hither his father and mother; of whom the first parent died two years afterwards. The second long survived, to be comforted by the truly filial attentions of her son. About this period he probably wrote his *Epistle from "Eloisa to Abelard,"* partly founded upon the extant letters of these distinguished persons. He has rendered this one of the most impressive poems of which love is the subject; as it is likewise the most finished of all his works of equal length, in point of language and versification. The exaggeration, however, which he has given to the most impassioned expressions of *Eloisa*, and his deviations from the true story, have been pointed out by Mr. Berrington in his *lives of the two lovers*.

• During the years in which he was chiefly engaged with the *Iliad*, he published several occasional works, to which he usually prefixed very elegant prefaces; but the desire of farther emolument induced him to extend his translation to the *Odyssey*, in which task he engaged two inferior hands, whom he paid out of the produce of a new subscription. He himself, however, translated twelve

books out of the twenty-four, with a happiness not inferior to his *Iliad*; and the transaction, conducted in a truly mercantile spirit, was the source of considerable profit to him. After the appearance of the *Odyssey*, Pope almost solely made himself known as a satirist and moralist. In 1728 he published the three first books of the "*Dunciad*," a kind of mock heroic, the object of which was to overwhelm with indelible ridicule all his antagonists, together with some other authors whom spleen or party led him to rank among the dunces, though they had given him no personal offence. Notwithstanding that the diction and versification of this poem are laboured with the greatest care, we shall borrow nothing from it. Its imagery is often extremely gross and offensive; and irritability, ill-nature, and partiality are so prominent through the whole, that whatever he gains as a poet he loses as a man. He has, indeed, a claim to the character of a satirist in this production, but none at all to that of a moralist.

The other selected pieces, though not entirely free from the same defects, may yet be tolerated; and his noble work called the "*Essay on Man*," which may stand in the first class of ethical poems, does not deviate from the style proper to its topic. This piece gave an example of the poet's extraordinary power of managing argumentation in verse, and of compressing his thoughts into clauses of the most energetic brevity, as well as of expanding them into passages distinguished by every poetic ornament. The origin of this essay is, however,

generally ascribed to Lord Bolingbroke, who was adopted by the author as his "guide, philosopher, and friend;" and there is little doubt that, with respect to mankind in general, Pope adopted, without always fully understanding, the system of Bolingbroke.

On his works in prose, among which a collection of letters appears conspicuous, it is unnecessary here to remark. His life was not prolonged to the period of old age: an oppressive asthma indicated an early decline, and accumulated infirmities incapacitated him from pursuing the plan he had formed for new works. After having complied, through the instigation of a catholic friend, with the ceremonies of that religion, he quietly expired on May 30th, 1744, at the age of fifty-six. He was interred at Twickenham, where a monument was erected to his memory by the commentator and legatee of his writings, Bishop Warburton.

Regarded as a poet, while it is allowed that Pope was deficient in invention, his other qualifications will scarcely be disputed; and it will generally be admitted that no English writer has carried to a greater degree correctness of versification, strength and splendour of diction, and the truly poetical power of vivifying and adorning every subject that he touched. The popularity of his productions has been proved by their constituting a *school* of English poetry, which in part continues to the present time.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Written in the Year 1712.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—this verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say :
 " Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air !
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught ;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers ;
Hear, and believe ! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd ;
What, though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky :
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclos'd in woman's beautiful mould ;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
'Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead :

Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire :
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

“ Know farther yet ; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd :
For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires ?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.

“ Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
face,
For life predestin'd to the Gnome's embrace.
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd :
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,

And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'your grace' salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

" Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

" Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!" [long.

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.

'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux ;
Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face :
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care :
These set the head, and those divide the hair ;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Lanch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her
shone,

But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide :
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind,
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray ;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd ;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heaven, and every power ador'd ;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize :
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer ;
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die ;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gentle play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay,
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air ;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the Sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast.
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd ;
His purple pinions opening to the Sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun :

“ Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear !
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear !
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day ;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky ;
Some, less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintery main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

“ Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care :

To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale ;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

“ This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care :
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight ;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw :
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball ;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must
fall.

Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care ;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock ;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

“ To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat :
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of
whale.

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

“ Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o’ertake his sins,
Be stopp’d in vials, or transfix’d with pins ;
Or plung’d in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg’d whole ages in a bodkin’s eye :
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg’d he beats his silken wings in vain ;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell’d flower :
Or, as Ixion fix’d, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below !”

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend :
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown’d with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its
name.

Here Britain’s statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;
Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The Sun obliquely shoots his burning ray :
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine ;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom ;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore ;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard ;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power ;

Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band ;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;
And party-coloured troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :
Let spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they
were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moora.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord !
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade !

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ;
Now to the baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride :

What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread ;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The baron now his Diamonds pours apace ;
Th' embroider'd king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance !) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An Ace of Hearts steps forth : the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen :
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky ;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round :
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide :
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band ;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate !
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill !
Just then, Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case :
So ladies, in Romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends ;

This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair ;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought ;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To enclose the Lock ; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd ;
Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again,)
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last !
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie !

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The victor cry'd), the glorious prize is mine !
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,

As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise, shall live !
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to Fate.
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial powers of Troy ;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel ?

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin ! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,

Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne : alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd ;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and
 noons,
Her hand is fill'd ; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies ;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise ;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout :
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks ;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand,
Then thus address'd the power :— “ Hail, wayward
queen !

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen :
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays ;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray :
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But, oh ! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters, matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game ;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion where no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease :
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin :
That single act gives half the world the spleen.”

The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wonderous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire. [cry'd,
" O wretched maid !" she spread her hands, and
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid ! reply'd)
" Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare ?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around ?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead ?
Gods ! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare !
Honour forbid ! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost !

How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out: — "My Lord, why, what the
devil?

Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be
civil!

Plague on 't! 'tis past a jest — nay pr'ythee, pox!
Give her the hair" — he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

"It grieves me much (reply'd the peer again),
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew,)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome ! forbears not so ;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears ;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd ; and thus she said :
“ For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away :
Happy ! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen !
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea !
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam ?
Oh had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home !
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late !
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
My hand shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares :
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ;
The Sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;

Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:

"Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd? [beaux?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas, frail beauty must decay ;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey ;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid ;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose ?
And trust me, dear, good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
fail ;

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued :
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
" To arms, to arms !" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack ;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapon in their hands are found ;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage ;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona Hermes arms ;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms ;
Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives
way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight :

Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,

A beau and witling perish'd in the throng

One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.

"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"

Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,

"Those eyes are made so killing" — was his last.

Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies

Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,

Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;

She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,

But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,

Weights the men's wits against the lady's hair;

The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;

At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,

With more than usual lightning in her eyes:

Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,

Who sought no more than on his foe to die.

But this bold lord, with manly strength endu'd,

She with one finger and a thumb subdued:

Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,

A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;

The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,

The pungent grains of titillating dust.

Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,

And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

“ Now meet thy fate,” incens’d Belinda cry’d,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings ; which after, melted down,
Form’d a vast buckle for his widow’s gown :
Her infant grandame’s whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew ;
Then in a bodkin grac’d her mother’s hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

“ Boast not my fall (he cry’d), insulting foe !
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind :
All that I dread is leaving you behind !
Rather than so, ah ! let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid’s flames — but burn alive.”

“ Restore the Lock,” she cries ; and all around,
“ Restore the Lock !” the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar’d for the handkerchief that caus’d his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross’d,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost !
The Lock, obtain’d with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain :
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heaven decrees ! with Heaven who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on Earth are treasur’d there.
There heroes’ wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases :
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers’ hearts with ends of ribband bound ;

The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes :
(So Rome's great founder to the Heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view :)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The Heaven bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes ;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age ;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?

Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye ;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend : be worth like this approv'd,
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued ;

Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage ;
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Argument.

Abelard and Eloïsa flourished in the twelfth century ; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and

consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïsa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever musing Melancholy reigns ;
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins ?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat ?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat ?
Yet, yet I love ! — From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear, fatal name ! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd :
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies :
O, write it not, my hand — the name appears
Already written — wash it out, my tears !
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains :
Ye rugged rocks ! which holy knees have worn ;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn !
Shrines ! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep ;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart ;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe :
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !
There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor Fortune take this power away ;
And is my Abelard less kind than they ?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer ;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief ;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid ; [spires,
They live, they speak, they breathe what love in-
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; Heaven listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that Heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which Love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we prophane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more fret,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee !
Oh, happy state ! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and Nature law :
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast : [part,
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on Earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd ! what sudden horrors rise !
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies !
Where, where was Eloïsa ? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay ! that bloody stroke restrain ;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale :
Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call ;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come ! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe ;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.

Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd ;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no ! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah ! think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls ; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited Heaven ;
But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls, (their days eternal bound,)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light ;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity !)
But why should I on others' prayers depend ?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !

Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid :
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose ;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey !
Death, only Death, can break the lasting chain ;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain ;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch ! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heaven ! but whence arose that prayer ?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair ?
Ev'n here where frozen Chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;
To mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;

I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new ;
Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget !
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence ?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love ?
Unequal task ! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine !
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate !
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain, — do all things but forget !
But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd :
Not touch'd, but rapt ; not waken'd, but inspir'd !
Oh, come, oh, teach me Nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself — and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot ;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot !
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind !
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
Labour and rest that equal periods keep ;
“ Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;”
Desires compos'd, affections ever even ;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heaven.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.

For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes ;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring ;
For her white virgins hymenæals sing :
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy :
When, at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd away,
Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight !
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake : — no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :
I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise !
Alas, no more ! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose :
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow ;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd Heaven.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd ; Religion disapproves ;
Ev'n thou art cold — yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah, hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view !
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me ;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every head I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While, praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul :

Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to Heaven ; dispute my heart ;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears ;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers :
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode ;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole !
Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll !
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign !
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view !)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu !
O Grace serene ! O Virtue heavenly fair !
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care !
Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky !
And Faith, our early immortality !
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest ;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
" Come, sister, come !" (it said, or seem'd to say)
" Thy place is here, sad sister, come away !
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid :

But all is calm in this eternal sleep :
Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep ;
Ev'n Superstition loses every fear ;
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow ;
Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day ;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !
Ah, no — in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah, then thy once lov'd Eloïsa see !
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all eloquent ! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when Fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine !

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame !

Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more ;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds ;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
" O, may we never love as these have lov'd !"
From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from Heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if Fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more ;
Such, if there be, who loves so long, so well ;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell !
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost ;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most !

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1711.

Advertisement.

The hint of the following piece was taken from
Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a
manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most

of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader, who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title.

The poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal poets, whose works were for the most part visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrowed the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream*, *Flower* and the *Leaf*, &c. of the latter. The author of this therefore chose the same sort of exordium.

In that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings,)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen;
There towering cities, and the forests green:
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes!
There trees and intermingled temples rise:

Now a clear sun the shining scene displays ;
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore :
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way ;
The wonderous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued ;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd ;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place :
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun ;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy, than excess of Praise.
Yet part no injuries of Heaven could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last ;

These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play ;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky ;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure, but of equal grace !
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace :
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield :
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil :

Here Orpheus sings ; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire !
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall :
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing towers like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name :
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand :
The sage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.
These stopp'd the Moon, and call'd th' unbody'd
shades

To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades ;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
Of talismans and sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measur'd Earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.

High on his car Sesostri struck my view,
Whom sceptre'd slaves in golden harness drew :
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold ;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face ;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies :
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold :
Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd :
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals :
As Heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait ;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdued ;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Lybian god.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone ;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
Unmov'd, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought :
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state ;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much suffering heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train : supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates ;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell :
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names :

Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone ;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne ;
Father of verse ! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied Art :
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;
On Homer still he fix'd a reverent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged sire :

Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight :
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;
The champions in distorted postures threat ;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire :
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace ;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star and great Augustus here.
The doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite ;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround ;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne :

Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies :
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great ;
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view :
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :

With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
For Fame they raise their voice, and tune the string ;
With Time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall :
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend ;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same ;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd ;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer.

“ Long have we sought t' instruct and please
mankind,

With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne :

On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below."

The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal Praise :
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around ;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud ;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide Earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread :
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
" Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth."
" Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,"
(Said Fame) " but high above desert renown'd :
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise."

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise:
But straight the direful trump of Slander sounds ;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder
 bounds ;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,

In every ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
 From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :
 The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
 And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore :
 " For thee" (they cry'd), " amidst alarms and strife,
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire through the purple flood.
 Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own ;
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone."
 " Ambitious fools !" (the queen reply'd, and frown'd)
 " Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!"
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
 sight,

And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
 " Great idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to Fame !
 But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joys partake,
 To follow Virtue ev'n for Virtue's sake."
 " And live there men, who slight immortal Fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?"

But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride,
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise ! Muses, rise ! add all your tuneful breath ;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death."
She said : in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n listening angels lean from Heaven to hear :
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd :
" Hither," they cry'd, " direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry ;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays ;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days ;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair :
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid ;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame."

The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the same success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request :
" What you !" (she cry'd) " unlearn'd in arts to
please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigued with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise ?

'To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.'
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne!
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd:
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the blast, [known

This having heard and seen, some power un-
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from
the throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the Pole:

Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace, is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighbouring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favourites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;

And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands ;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance ;

Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below ;
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force :
Some to remain, and some to perish soon ;
Or wane and wax alternate like the Moon.
Around a thousand winged wonders fly, [the sky.
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way ;
And long 'twas doubtful, though so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent :
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie ;

The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
"What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?"

"'Tis true," said I, "not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!"

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK IX.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
 When the fair consort of her son replies :
 Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own ;
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
 No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
 For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride
 (Myself the offering of a second bride).
 This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,
 Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
 Andræmon lov'd ; and, bless'd in all those charms
 That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
 Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
 These shades, unknowing of the Fates, she sought,
 And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought ;
 Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
 Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
 Not distant far, a watery lotos grows ;
 The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
 Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
 In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye :
 Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son ;
 And I myself the same rash act had done ;
 But lo ! I saw (as near her side I stood)
 The violated blossoms drop with blood.

Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true),
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form ; and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.

This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight :
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan powers ador'd :
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground :
In vain to free her fastening feet she strove,
And, as she struggles, only moves above ;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below :
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves :
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire ;
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind ;

Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear,
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains :

“ If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all th' unpitying powers of Heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;
In mutual innocence our lives we led :
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey !
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care :
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree ; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies :
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers ; but warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell !
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.

P S

Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more ; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :
Remove your hands ; the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes."

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be ;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree ;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK IV.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign :
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flowery field,
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield ;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than Nature gives ;

Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs, and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the forest, or frequent the lawns,
The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair !
Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears :
And first a reaper from the field appears ;
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade :
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he with his sword appears ;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears.
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs :

Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The god, in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd ;
And " Happy you !" (he thus address'd the maid)
" Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,
As other gardens are excell'd by thine !"
Then kiss'd the fair ; (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow ;)
Then, plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread :
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
" Yet this tall elm, but for his vine" (he said)
" Had stood neglected, and a barren shade ;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah, beauteous maid ! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love :
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue !
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you ?
Not she whose beauty urged the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all their gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain,
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains, and our Alban woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love.

(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd,) Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;
Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ;
Like you, contented with his native groves ;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;
For you he lives ; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care.
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchards's early fruit are due,
(A pleasing offering when 'tis made by you,)
He values these ; but yet, alas ! complains
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows ;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies ;
You, only you, can move the god's desire :
Oh, crown so constant and so pure a fire !
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind ;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind ;
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs !"
This when the various god had urg'd in vain,
He straight assum'd his native form again ;

Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
 As when through clouds th' emerging Sun appears,
 And, thence exerting his refulgent ray,
 Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
 Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design :
 For when, appearing in a form divine,
 The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
 Of charming features, and a youthful face ;
 In her soft breast consenting passions move,
 And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

AN ESSAY ON MAN,

IN FOUR EPISTLES,

TO H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT
 TO THE UNIVERSE.

The Argument.

Of man in the abstract. — I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present

depends. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations.

V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural.

VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfection of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable.

VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire. X. The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

**AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;**

A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot ;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield ;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise :
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say, first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know ?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer ?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be
known,

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd Being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

II. Presumptuous man ! the reason wouldst thou
find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or weaker than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. [strains

When the proud steed shall know why man re-
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say, rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
The blest to day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago. [Fate,

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;

His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler Heaven ;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such ;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much :
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
If man alone ingross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there :
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use ? Pride answers, " Tis for mine :

For me kind Nature wakes her genial power ;
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
My foot-stool Earth, my canopy the skies.”
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?
“ No,” ’tis reply’d, “ the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws ;
Th’ exceptions few ; some change since all begun :
And what created perfect ?” Why then man ?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates ; and can man do less ?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sun-shine, as of man’s desires ;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven’s design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline ?
Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms ;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar’s mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?
From pride, from pride our very reasoning springs :
Account for moral as for natural things :
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit ?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife ;
And passions are the elements of life,
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in man. [soar,

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he
And, little less than angel, would be more ;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all ?
Nature to these without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd ;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
All in exact proportion to the state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone ?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all ?

The bliss of man (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the Heaven ?

Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How Instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how allied!
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!

Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this
earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high! progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing. — On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — oh madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the Earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease, then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit. — In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;

All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
All partial Evil, universal Good.
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT
TO HIMSELF, AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

Argument.

I. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature : his powers and frailties. The limits of his capacity. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary. Self-love the stronger, and why. Their end the same. III. The passions, and their use. The predominant passion, and its force. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature ; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident : what is the office of reason. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men. How useful they are to society ; and to individuals, in every state, and every age of life.

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great :

With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest ;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast ;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err ;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much :
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world ! [guides,

Go, wondrous creature ! mount where Science
Go, measure Earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun ;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God ;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule —
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind !

Who saw its fires here rise and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end ?
Alas, what wonder ! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art ;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science, then, with Modesty thy guide ;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride ;
Deduct what is but Vanity or dress,
Or Learning's luxury, or Idleness ;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain ;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts ;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come !

II. Two principles in human nature reign ;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain ;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all :
And to their proper operations still,
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end :
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot ;
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot,
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires :
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.

Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh ;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
That sees immediate good by present sense ;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit, and experience gains ;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite ;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of Wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;
But greedy that, his object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower :
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the passions we may call ;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide ;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care ;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest :
The rising tempest puts in act the soul ;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale ;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :
These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
But what composes man, can man destroy ?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train ;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain ;
These, mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind ;
The lights and shades whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes ;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise :
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
On different senses, different objects strike :
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame ;
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of Death;
The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength :

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its Ruling Passion came ;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul :
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse ;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse ;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power ;
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some favourite still obey :
Ah ! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend ;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made ;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong :
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd ;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard :
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe ;

A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends :
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ;
Through life 'tis follow'd ev'n at life's expense ;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill
Grafts on this passion our best principle :
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd ;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one interest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear ;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
Ev'n avarice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd :

Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide ? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use ;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;
'T is to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed :
Ask where's the north ? at York, 't is on the Tweed ;
In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he :
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own ;

What happier natures shrink at with affright;
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;

VI. But Heaven's great view, is one, and that the
whole.

That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of every vice:
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief;
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise.
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign;

Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more.
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days:
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as Knowledge can destroy;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;

Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others wants by thine.
See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;
'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT
TO SOCIETY.

Argument.

- I. The whole universe one system of society. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another. The happiness of animals mutual. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals. III. How far society carried by instinct. How much farther by reason. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, and in the forms of society. V. Origin of political societies. Origin of monarchy. Patriarchal government. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of love. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle. Mixed government. Various forms of each, and the true end of all.

Here then we rest ; " the Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,

Let this great truth be present night and day ;
But most be present, if we preach or pray. [Love

I. Look round our world ; behold the chain of
Combining all below and all above.

See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.

See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving, vegetate again :

All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)

Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.

Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;

One all-extending, all-preserving soul

Connects each being, greatest with the least ;

Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;

All serv'd, all serving : nothing stands alone ;

The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,

Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,

For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn :

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?

Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?

Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.

The bounding steed you pompously bestride,

Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.

Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
The birds of Heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, " See all things for my use !"
" See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose :
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak controul ;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole :
Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?
Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods :
For some, his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride :
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest :
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.

The creature had his feast of life before ;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er !
To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :
To man imparts it ; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle ! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best ;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end,
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside ?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near ;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit ;
While still too wide or short is human Wit ;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long :
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are two in ours !
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food ?

Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand ?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line ?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before ?
Who calls the council, states the certain day ?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds :
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness :
So from the first, eternal Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickeneth ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one Nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace ;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend ;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care ;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands ;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands :

Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest, and the love :
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintain'd, habitual those :
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
Memory and Forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
While Pleasure, Gratitude, and Hope, combin'd,
Still spread the interest, and preserve the kind.

IV. Nor think, in Nature's state they blindly
trod ;

The state of Nature was the reign of God :
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not ; nor arts, that Pride to aid ;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;
The same his table, and the same his bed ;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.

But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds ;
The Fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man, a fiercer savage, man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art !
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part :
Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake —
“ Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive :
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind :
Here subterranean works and cities see ;
There towns aërial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees ;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know ;
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey :

And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke ; observant man obey'd ;
Cities were built, societies were made :
Here rose one little state ; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend,
What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow ;
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus states were form'd ; the name of king unknown,
Till common interest plac'd the sway in one.
'Twas Virtue only, (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms,)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made. [sate,

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch.
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state :
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man :
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great First Father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition, that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son ;

The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one :
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then ;
For Nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God : and understood
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran ;
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world and counter-work its cause ?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law ;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made :
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they :
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ;
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods ;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust ;

Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal, then, not charity, became the guide ;
And Hell was built on spite, and Heaven on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more ;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
Then first the Flamen tasted living food ;
Next his grim idol, smear'd with human blood ;
With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, through just, and through
unjust,

To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust :
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?
His safety must his liberty restrain :
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence :
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral, Nature gave before ;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :

Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
 The less, or greater, set so justly true,
 That touching one must strike the other too ;
 Till jarring interests of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
 From order, union, full consent of things :
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
 made

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;
 More powerful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ;
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best :
 For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight ;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right ;
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity :
 All must be false that thwarts this one great end ;
 And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
 Man, like the generous vine, supported lives :
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the Sun ;
 So two consistent motions act the soul ;
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
 And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT
TO HAPPINESS.

Argument.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of Hope and Fear. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches. Honours. Nobility. Greatness. Fame. Superior talents. With pictures of human infelicity in men, possessed of them all. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal,

and whose prospect eternal. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free, [thee.
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with
Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less,
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:

Heaven breathes through every member of the whole,
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh, sons of Earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to Vice, to Virtue woe !
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just !
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust !
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife !
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby ! sunk thee to the grave ?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire ?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death ?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me ?
What makes all physical or moral ill ?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill ; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
That righteous Abel was destroyed by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws ?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires ?

On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh blameless Bethel ! to relieve thy breast ?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by ?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall ?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have ?
A kingdom of the just then let it be :
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care ;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are ?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell ;
Another deems him instrument of Hell ;
If Calvin feels Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part, will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar — but for Titus too ;
And which more blest ? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day ?
“ But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.”
What then ? Is the reward of Virtue bread ?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil ;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil ;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent ;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?

"No — shall the good want health, the good want power?"

Add health and power, and every earthly thing,

"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?"

Nay, why external for internal given?

Why is not man a god, and Earth a Heaven?

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive

God gives enough, while he has more to give;

Immense the power, immense were the demand;

Say, at what part of Nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,

The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,

Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?

Then give Humility a coach and six,

Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,

Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.

Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there

With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?

The boy and man an individual makes,

Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?

Go, like the Indian, in another life

Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;

As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,

As toys and empires, for a godlike mind;

Rewards, that either would to virtue bring

No joy, or be destructive of the thing;

How oft by these at sixty are undone

The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!

To whom can riches give repute, or trust,

Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?

Judges and senates have been bought for gold;

Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Oh fool ! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
“ What differ more,” you cry, “ than crown and
cowl ! ”

I'll tell you, friend ! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with
strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :
But, by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the Flood,
Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards. [lies :
Look next on greatness ; say, where greatness
“ Where but among the heroes and the wise ? ”

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind !
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise :
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat :
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great ;
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame ? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have ; and what's unknown,
The same, my lord, if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead ;
Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod :
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave ;

When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How much for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbands, if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame !
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete !
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy ! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed, as proud Venice rose ;
In each, how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man :
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold :
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
O ! wealth ill-fated ; which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame !
What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas ! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day ;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame !
Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
" Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;

The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd;
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's blest;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins Heaven and Earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God, and love of man.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul:
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:

(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find :)
Wise is her present ; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest ;
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart ?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part.
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence :
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts : but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
His country next ; and next all human race ;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind ;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend ! my genius ! come along !
Oh master of the poet, and the song !
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh ! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame ;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light ;
Show'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT ;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim ;
That true self-love and social are the same ;
That virtue only makes our bliss below ;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
 Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :
 Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,
 Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poëtæ,
 Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
 Extenuantis eas consulto. HOR.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, L. COBHAM.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

Argument.

I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest. Nothing constant and certain but God and nature. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary

motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions. II. Yet, to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world: and some reason for it. Education alters the nature, or at least character of many. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath.

Yes, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human-kind;
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.

There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein :
Shall only man be taken in the gross?

Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess ;
Next, that he varies from himself no less ;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds ?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man :
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more ; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own ;
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way :
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft, in the passion's wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides and fancy sports in sleep,

(Though past the recollection of the thought,) Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought : Something as dim to our internal view, Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known ; Others, so very close, they're hid from none ; (So darkness strikes the sense no less than light,) Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight ; And every child hates Shylock, though his soul Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole. At half mankind when generous Manly raves, All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves : When universal homage Umbra pays, All see 'tis vice, an itch of vulgar praise. When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen, While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find : Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind : Or puzzling contraries confound the whole ; Or affectations quite reverse the soul. The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy ; And, in the cunning, truth itself's a lie : Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise ; The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout ; Alone, in company ; in place, or out ; Early at business, and at hazard late ; Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate ; Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball ; Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave, Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,

Save just at dinner — then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head ! all interests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquette,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet. [ron !]

What made (say, Montagne, or more sage Char-
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?
A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star ?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit ?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?

Know, God and Nature only are the same :
In man, the judgment shoots a flying game ;
A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent what conclude the why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and show,
That what we chanc'd, was what we meant to do.
Behold if Fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns ;
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state :
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions show the man : we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind :

Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
 Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :
 Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great :
 Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
 His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;
 Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
 The few that glare, each character must mark,
 You balance not the many in the dark.

What will you do with such as disagree ?
 Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?
 Must then at once (the character to save)
 The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?
 Alas ! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
 Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat ?
 Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
 Why risk the world's great empire for a punk ?
 Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
 But, sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove
 One action, conduct ; one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn :
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ;
 A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;
 A gownman learn'd ; a bishop, what you will ;
 Wise, if a minister ; but, if a king, [thing.
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every
 Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
 Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate :

In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same Sun with all diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire ;
The next a tradesman meek, and much a liar :
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave :
Is he a churchman ? then he's fond of power :
A quaker ? sly : a presbyterian ? sour :
A smart free-thinker ? all things in an hour.

Ask men's opinions : Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well ;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce ?
Some god, or spirit, he has lately found ;
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature ? habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place :
By actions ? those uncertainty divides :
By passions ? these dissimulation hides :
Opinions ? they still take a wider range :
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion : there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;

The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise ;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies :
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
• With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt ;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt ;
His passion still, to covet general praise ;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made ;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd :
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
A rebel to the very king he loves ;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule ?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store ;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore ;
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends ; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain the observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last ;
As weak, as earnest ; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesborow dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace,
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unblest'd :
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate ;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late :

"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke,)
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace,
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human-kind, [stir,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir!"

"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, sir?—"My money, sir, what all?
Why, if I must"—(then wept) "I give it Paul."
The manor, sir?—"The manor! hold," he cry'd.
"Not that—I cannot part with that,"—and dy'd.

And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past,
"Oh, save my country, Heaven!" shall be your last.

TO A LADY.

EPISTLE II.

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true !
Arcadia's countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's loose hair, and lifted eye,
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine ;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air ;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock ;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask :
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.

How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend ;
The frail-one's advocate, the weak-one's friend.
To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms ! she raves ! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure ; Silia does not drink.

All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres;
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;

A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in state, majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought;
Such this day's doctrine — in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of Haut-gout, and the tip of Taste,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analys'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomede, lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
Th' address, the delicacy — stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind?
Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought.

You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits ; and look on Simo's mate,
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.

Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends.

Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a prayer.

Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her grace)
Cries, " Ah ! how charming, if there's no such
place !"

Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair-ones, time and thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit ;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind ?
Scarce once herself, by turns all woman-kind !
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon Earth :
Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and 'ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age
No passion gratify'd, except her rage,
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure mist her, and the scandal hit.

Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from
Hell,

But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude :
To that each passion turns, or soon or late ;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate :
Superiors ? death ! and equals ? what a curse !
But an inferior not dependant ? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live :
But die, and she'll adore you — Then the bust
And temple rise — then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that's good and great ;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers ! without one distress
Sick of herself, through very selfishness !
Atossa, curs'd with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor.

Pictures, like these, dear madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line ;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right :
For how should equal colours do the knack ?
Cameleons who can paint in white and black ?

“ Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.” —
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.

“ With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?” — She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought ;
But never, never reach’d one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov’d,
As never yet to love, or to be lov’d.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest ;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heaven, a favour or a debt
She e’er should cancel — but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe’s ear ;
But none of Chloe’s shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander’d one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you’re alive or dead ?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent — Would you too be wise ?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish’d out, and made a queen :
The same for ever ! and describ’d by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
’Tis well — but, artists ! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of Nature it conceals :

Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or king :
Alas ! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain parson Hale.

But grant, in public, men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone :
Our bolder talents in full life display'd ;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide ;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride.
Weakness or delicacy ; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men, we various ruling passions find ;
In women, two almost divide the kind :
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That, Nature gives ; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault ?
Experience, this ; by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take ;
But every woman is at heart a rake :
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife ;
But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !
Power all their end, but beauty all the means :
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :

For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great !
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost :
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend ;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more.
As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night ;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards !
A youth of frolics, an old-age of cards :
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end ;
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot ;
Alive, ridiculous ; and dead, forgot !

Ah ! friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine !
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,

Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh ! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day :
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;
Let fops or Fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille ;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest :
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools :
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new ;
Shakes all together, and produces — you.
Be this a woman's fame ! with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer ;

And gave you beauty, but deny'd the self
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

EPISTLE III.

ON THE USE OF RICHES.

Argument.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable. How a prodigal does the same. The due medium, and true use of riches. The Man of Ross. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death. The story of Sir Balaam.

P. Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?

You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of Heaven ;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And, surely, Heaven and I are of a mind,)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground :
But when, by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival too, its sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heaven supply'd two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven, or token of th' elect ;
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows ;
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe ;
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve :
What nature wants (a phrase I must distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust :
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend :

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid :

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.

Once we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke.
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew
" Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."

Blest Paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'squires
confound,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would
spoil!

" Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet:
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom, with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman cras'd.

Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and
hogs,

Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?

His grace will game : to White's a bull be led,

With spurning heels and with a butting head.

To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,

Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.

Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,

Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?

Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,

Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?

Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,

To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!

Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,

What say you? *B.* Say? Why take it, gold and all.

P. What riches give us, let us then inquire?

Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat,
clothes, and fire.

Is this too little? would you more than live?

Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)

Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!

What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;

To Chartres, vigour; Japhet, nose and ears?

Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippias glow,

In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;

Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,

With all th' embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?

They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)

Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;

Or find some doctor that would save the life

Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife;

But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part;
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his
heart:

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love" (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
"The wretch he starves" — and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-Sea year?
To live on venison when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls ; whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

Much-injur'd Blunt ! why bears he Britain's hate ?
A wizard told him in these words our fate :
" At length Corruption, like a general flood,
(So long by watchful ministers withstood,)
Shall deluge all ; and Avarice, creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun ;
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box ;
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
See Britain sunk in Lucre's sordid charms,
And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's
arms ! "

'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener, fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain :
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

" All this is madness," cries a sober sage :
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage ?
" The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than even that passion, if it has no aim ;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heaven each passion
sends,

And different men directs to different ends.

Extremes in Nature equal good produce,

Extremes in man concur to general use."

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?

That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,

Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,

Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,

Builds life on death, on change duration founds,

And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,

Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward steward for the poor;

This year, a reservoir, to keep and spare;

The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,

In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,

And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,

Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:

What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)

His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?

His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,

With soups unbought and sallads bless'd his board?

If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more

Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before:

To cram the rich, was prodigal expense,

And who would take the poor from Providence?

Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,

Silence without, and fasts within the wall;

No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,

No noontide bell invites the country round:

Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way :
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curs'd the sav'd candle, and unopening door ;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son : he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need ;
But what to follow, is a task indeed.)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine !
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause ;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The Sylvans groan — no matter — for the fleet :
Next goes his wool — to clothe our valiant bands :
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain that pays her patriots with her spoils ?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude ;

To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence ;
With splendour, charity ; with plenty, health ;
Oh teach us, Bathurst ! yet unspoil'd by wealth !
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty
given,

And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven ;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd ;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd :
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats ?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that
cheats.

Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon ?
Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player ?
Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart ?
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean !
There, English Bounty yet a while may stand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross ?
Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the MAN of ROSS :
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.

Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
brow ?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost ;
But clear and artless pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise ?
" The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread :
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate ;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick ? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance ? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do !
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply ?
What mines to swell that boundless charity ?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possest — five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush ! proud courts, withdraw
your blaze !

Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name :
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history ;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between ;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end ;
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands ;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend !
And see, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies — alas, how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love ;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic'd statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store !
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me!"
As well his grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John!
That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these are worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower.
A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What! ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd — I'll tell a tale. — *B.* Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:

Constant at church, and 'Change; his gains were
sure,

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice."

The tempter saw his time: the work he ply'd;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;

What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn :
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday morn :
Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life,)
But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A nymph of quality admires our knight ;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite :
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air :
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies :
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife ;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.

In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play : so bad her chance,
He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France :
The house impeach him, Coningsby harangues ;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs :
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown :
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

To RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

Argument.

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burthensome and ridiculous. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is, to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole; and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind. What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men; and finally the great and public works which become a prince.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy ;
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats :
He buys for Topham drawings and designs ;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins ;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself ? no more
Than his fine wife, alas ! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted ?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ?
Some demon whisper'd, " Visto ! have a taste."
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See ! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide :
A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence !

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools ;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make ;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arts of triumph to a garden-gate ;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall ;

Then clap four slices of pilaster on 't,
'That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front.
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear :
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous ev'n to taste — 'tis sense :
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven :
A light which in yourself you must perceive ;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot ;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare ;
Let not each beauty every where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Consult the genius of the place in all ;
That tells the waters or to rise, or fall ;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale ;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades ;
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending lines ;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow sense, of every art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance ;
Nature shall join you ; Time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at — perhaps a Stow.

Without it, proud Versailles ! thy glory falls ;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls :
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo ! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake :
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete ;
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet ;
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of
light ;

A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er —
Enjoy them, you ! Villario can no more ;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus
stray'd,
Or sate delighted in the thickening shade,
With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet !
His son's fine taste an opener Vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves ;

One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews :
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, " What sums are thrown away !"
So proud, so grand ; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down :
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze !
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before : a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall !
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ;
With here a fountain, never to be play'd ;
And there a summer-house that knows no shade ;
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers ;
There gladiators fight, or die in flowers ;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd-in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve ;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed ;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The labourer bears : What his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil ?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle ?
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase :
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil ;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed ;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow :
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You too proceed ! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair ;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before :
Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend ;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main ;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land ;
These honours, Peace to happy Britain brings ;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

To MR. ADDISON.

EPISTLE V.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of medals: it was some time before he was secretary of state ; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works ; at which time his verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of avarice and profusion ; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality, and was, therefore, a corollary to the third ; so this treats of one circumstance of that vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins ; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years ;
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread !
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead !
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd, [toil'd :
Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods :
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey ;
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they !
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, christian zeal conspire,
And papal piety, and gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name ;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd : she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust :
Huge moles, whose shadows stretch'd from shore to
shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more !
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps ;
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

'The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name :
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
To gain Pescenius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd :
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine :
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine :
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage :
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage :
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame ?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold ?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face ;
There, warriors frowning in historic brass ?
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree ;
Or in fair series laurel'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison :

Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine :
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
“ Statesman, best friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he loved.”

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT :

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John ! fatigu'd, I said.
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages ! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out :
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can
hide?

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water, they renew the charge ;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me ;
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a person, much bemus'd in beer,
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
 Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
 All fly to Twit'nam, and, in humble strain,
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
 And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did you not prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song,)
 What drop of nostrum can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
 And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
 I sit with sad civility; I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:
 "The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
 I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me : " You know his grace :
I want a patron ; ask him for a place."

Pitholeon libell'd me — " but here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him ? Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me ! a packet. — " 'Tis a stranger sues,
A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, " Furies, death, and rage !"

If I approve, " Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends. [it,

Fir'd that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath ! I'll print
And shame the fools — your interest, sir, with

Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :

" Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks :

At last he whispers, " Do ; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

" Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,

(Midas, a sacred person and a king,)

His very minister, who spy'd them first,

(Some say his queen,) was forc'd to speak, or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,

When every coxcomb perks them in my face ?

A. Good friend, forbear ! you deal in dangerous
things,

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings ;

Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing — *P.* Nothing ? if they bite and kick ?
 Out with it, Dunciad ! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass :
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie ?)
 The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel ? Take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack :
 Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a scribbler ? Break one cobweb
 through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew :
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines !
 Whom have I hurt ? has poet yet, or peer,
 Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer ?
 And has not Colly still his lord, and whore ?
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor ?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit ?
 Still to one bishop Philip seems a wit ?
 Still Sappho — *A.* Hold ! for God's sake — you'll
 offend ;

No names — be calm — learn prudence of a friend :
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall ; [all.
 But foes like these — *P.* One flatterer's worse than
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
 It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent :
Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes ;
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, " Subscribe, subscribe !"

There are, who to my person pay their court :
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, " Sir ! you have an eye !"
Go on, obliging creature, make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
" Just so immortal Maro held his head ;"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own ?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to Fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd ;
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife ;
To help me through this long disease, my life ;
To second, Arbuthnot ! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish ? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write ;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays ;

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd !
Happier their author, when by these belov'd !
From these the world will judge of men and books.
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers : who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense ?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill ;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret :
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad ;
If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds :
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear, [year ;
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a
He, who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
And he, who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
All these, my modest satire bad translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe !
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause ;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be !
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he !

What, though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals ?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?
I sought no homage from the race that write ;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight :
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George ! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side !
But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill ;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.

His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place;
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat;
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose-
quill!

May every Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me; for they left me Gay:
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.

I was not born for courts or great affairs :
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers ;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write ?
Has life no joys for me ? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ?
" I found him close with Swift — Indeed ? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will,
" No, such a genius never can lie still ;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor, guiltless I ! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style ?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear !
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out ;
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame ;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love ;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend ;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray :

Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Cannons what was never there ;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie ;
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—*A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire of sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
The trifling head! or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.

Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
 Not proud, nor servile ; be one poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways :
 That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same ;
 That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song :
 That not for fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ;
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape
 The libell'd person and the pictur'd shape ;
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead ;
 The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear —
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue ! all the past :
 For thee, fair Virtue ! welcome ev'n the last !

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state :

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a gaol ;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire ;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride but friend to his distress :
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moor.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
To please his mistress one aspers'd his life ;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will ;
Let the two Curlls of town and court, abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and Muse.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool :
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore :
Hear this and spare his family, James Moore ;
Unspotted names, and memorable long ;
If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
Each parent sprung — *A*. What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own,
And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.

▲ ▲ 2

Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise ;
Healthy by temperance, and by exercise ;
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die !
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
O friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine :
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky !
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen !
A. Whether that blessings be deny'd or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE, IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S P¹OLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
 Delight no more — O thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
 Th' æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye Heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail ;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from Heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !

▲ ▲ 3

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, Earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains! and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !

See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean springs !
For thee Idumé's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away !
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghost, along the moon-light shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ?
'Tis she ! — but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,
Is it, in Heaven, a crime to love too well ?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart.
To act a lover's or a Roman's part ?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?

Why bade ye else, ye powers ! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods :
Thence to their images on Earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage :
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of Death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates ;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way,)
" Lo ! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield."

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow,
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone, oh, ever-injur'd shade !
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier :
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd ;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show ?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays ;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart ;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

SATIRE.

*The first Part (to verse 132.) imitated in the Year
1714, by Dr. Swift; the latter Part added after-
wards.*

I've often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store ;
“ But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die ;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.

“ If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault ;
And if I pray by Reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools :

As thus, ' Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker !
To grant me this and t' other acre :
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plow to find a treasure :'
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence !
Just what you gave me, competence :
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose ;
Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."

In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent ;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
" Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas ;
Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money 's found.
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you 're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day ;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,

Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green :
How should I thrust myself between ?
Some wag observes me thus perplex't,
And smiling whispers to the next,
" I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To jostle here among a crowd."
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
" So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw :
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his case —
That, begs my int'rest for a place —
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone." —
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two —
" Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly signed :
Consider 'tis my first request." —
Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best : —
Then presently he falls to tease,
" You may for certain, if you please ;

I doubt not, if his lordship knew —
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you —”
’Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four,)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend ;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that ;
As, “What’s o’clock?” And, “How’s the wind?”
“Who’s chariot’s that we left behind?”
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs ;
Or, “Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?”
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim’d at Charing-Cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us’d so well :
“How think you of our friend the Dean ?
I wonder what some people mean ;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête-à-tête*.
What, they admire him for his jokes —
See but the fortune of some folks !”
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv’d at court ;
I’m stopt by all the fools I meet,
And catechis’d in every street.

" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great ;
Inform us, will the emp'ror treat ?
Or do the prints and papers lie ?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah, doctor, how you love to jest !
'Tis now no secret" — I protest
'Tis one to me — " Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay ?"
And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord-mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost ;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat !
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons ! and nights divine !
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum :
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And even the very dogs at ease !
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what 's in either of the houses :

But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn :
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser ?
Whether we ought to choose our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends ?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all ?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos* :
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do 't,
On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte*.
He brought him bacon (nothing lean) ;
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean ;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit ;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, " I vow you 're mighty neat.
But Lord, my friend, this savage scene !
For God's sake, come, and live with men :

Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I :
Then spend your life in joy and sport ;
(This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court.)

The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn :
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sate late.)

Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might show it ;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls ;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors :
But let it (in a word) be said,
The Moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red :
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sate, *tête-à-tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
" *Que ça est bon ! Ah goûtez ça !*
That jelly 's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain !
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
" I'm quite asham'd — 'tis mighty rude
To eat so much — but all 's so good.

I have a thousand thanks to give —
 My lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, but from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
 "A rat! a rat! clap to the door" —
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
 O for the heart of Homer's mice,
 Or gods to save them in a trice!
 (It was by Providence they think,
 For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
 "An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
 "This same dessert is not so pleasant:
 Give me again my hollow tree,
 A crust of bread, and liberty!"

EPISTLE TO

 ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND
 EARL MORTIMER.

*Sent to the Earl of Oxford, with Dr. Parnell's Poems
 published by our Author, after the said Earl's Im-
 prisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the
 Country, in the Year 1721.*

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
 Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
 Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
 With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
 Blest in each science, blest in every strain!
 Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear — in vain!
 For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
 Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;

For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great ;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear,)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate ;
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great ;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine :
A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all pain, and passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made ;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade :
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain ;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now she shades thy evening-walk with bays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise) ;
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT, a person who has carried one species of poetry, that of humorous satire, to a degree never before attained, was, by his parentage, of English descent, but probably born in Ireland. It is known that his father, also called Jonathan, having married a Leicestershire lady, died at an early age, leaving a daughter, and a posthumous son. His widow, being left in narrow circumstances, was invited by her husband's brother, Godwin, who resided in Dublin, to his house; and there, it is supposed, Jonathan was born, on November 30th, 1667. After passing some time at a school in Kilkenny, he was removed to Trinity College, Dublin, in his 15th year; in which university he spent seven years, and then obtained with difficulty the degree of bachelor of arts, conferred *speciali gratia*. The circumstance affords sufficient proof of the misapplication of his talents to mathematical pursuits; but he is said to have been at this period engaged eight hours a day in more congenial studies.

So profuse are the materials for the life of Swift, that it has become almost a vain attempt to give, in

a moderate compass, the events by which he was distinguished from ordinary mortals ; and it will therefore be chiefly in his character of a poetical composer that we shall now consider him. He was early domesticated with the celebrated statesman, Sir William Temple, who now lived in retirement at Moor Park ; but having made choice of the church as his future destination, on parting in some disagreement from Temple, he went to Ireland, with very moderate expectations, and took orders. A reconciliation with his patron brought him back to Moor Park, where he passed his time in harmony till the death of Sir William, who left him a legacy and his papers. He then accepted an invitation from the Earl of Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, to accompany him thither as chaplain and private secretary ; and he continued in the family as long as his lordship remained in that kingdom. Here Swift began to distinguish himself by an incomparable talent of writing humorous verses in the true familiar style, several specimens of which he produced for the amusement of the house. After Lord Berkeley's return to England, Swift went to reside at his living at Laracor, in the diocese of Meath ; and here it was that ambition began to take possession of his mind. He thought it proper to increase his consequence by taking the degree of doctor of divinity in an English university ; and, for the purpose of forming connections, he paid annual visits to that country. In 1701, he first engaged as a political writer ; and, in 1704, he published, though

anonymously, his celebrated "Tale of a Tub," which, while it placed him high as a writer distinguished by wit and humour of a peculiar cast, brought him under the heavy imputation, from which he was never able entirely to free himself, of being a scoffer against revealed religion.

His prospects of advancement in the political career were abortive, till 1710, when the Tories came into power. His connection with this party began in an acquaintance with Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, who introduced him to secretary St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke; and he engaged the confidence of these leaders to such a degree, that he was admitted to their most secret consultations. In all his transactions with them he was most scrupulously attentive to preserve every appearance of being on an equality, and to repress every thing that looked like slight or neglect on their parts; and there probably is not another example of a man of letters who has held his head so high in his association with men in power. This was undoubtedly owing to that constitutional pride and unsubmitting nature which governed all his actions.

A bishopric in England was the object at which he aimed, and a vacancy on the bench occurring, he was recommended by his friends in the ministry to the Queen; but suspicions of his faith, and other prejudices, being raised against him, he was passed over; and the highest preferment which his patrons could venture to bestow upon him was the deanery of St. Patrick's, in Dublin; to which he was pre-

sented in 1713, and in which he continued for life. The death of the Queen put an end to all contests among the Tory ministers; and the change terminated Swift's prospects, and condemned him to an unwilling residence in a country which he always disliked. On his return to Dublin his temper was severely tried by the triumph of the Whigs, who treated him with great indignity; but in length of time, by a proper exercise of his clerical office, by reforms introduced into the chapter of St. Patrick's, and by his bold and able exposures of the abuses practised in the government of Ireland, he rose to the title of *King of the Mob* in that capital.

His conduct with respect to the female sex was not less unaccountable than singular, and certainly does no honour to his memory. Early in life he attached himself to his celebrated Stella, whose real name was Johnson, the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward. Soon after his settlement at Laracor he invited her to Ireland. She came, accompanied by a Mrs. Dingley, and resided near the parsonage when he was at home, and in it when he was absent; nor were they ever known to lodge in the same house, or to see each other without a witness. In 1716, he was privately married to her, but the parties were brought no nearer than before, and the act was attended with no acknowledgment that could gratify the feelings of a woman who had so long devoted herself to him. About the year 1712, he became acquainted, in London, with Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, a young lady of fortune, with a taste for literature, which Swift was fond of

cultivating. To her he wrote the longest and most finished of his poems, entitled *Cadenus and Vanessa*; and her attachment acquired so much strength, that she made him the offer of her hand. Even after his marriage to *Stella*, Swift kept *Miss Vanhomrigh* in ignorance of this connection; but a report of it having at length reached her, she took the step of writing a note to *Stella*, requesting to know if the marriage were real. *Stella* assured her of the affirmative in her answer, which she enclosed to Swift, and went into the country without seeing him. Swift went immediately to the house of *Miss Vanhomrigh*, threw *Stella's* letter on the table, and departed, without speaking a word. She never recovered the shock, and died in 1723. *Stella*, with her health entirely ruined, languished on till 1728, when she expired. Such was the fate which he prepared for both.

Of the poems of Swift, some of the most striking were composed in mature life, after his attainment of his deanery of *St. Patrick*; and it will be admitted that no one ever gave a more perfect example of the easy familiarity attainable in the English language. His readiness in rhyme is truly astonishing; the most uncommon associations of sounds coming to him as it were spontaneously, in words seemingly the best adapted to the occasion. That he was capable of high polish and elegance, some of his works sufficiently prove; but the humorous and sarcastic was his habitual taste, which he frequently indulged beyond the bounds of decorum; a circumstance which renders the task of

selection from his works somewhat perplexing. In wit, both in verse and prose, he stands foremost in grave irony, maintained with the most plausible air of serious simplicity, and supported by great minuteness of detail. His "Gulliver's Travels" are a remarkable exemplification of his powers in this kind, which have rendered the work wonderfully amusing, even to childish readers, whilst the keen satire with which it abounds may gratify the most splenetic misanthropist. In general, however, his style in prose, though held up as a model of clearness, purity, and simplicity, has only the merit of expressing the author's meaning with perfect precision.

Late in life, Swift fell under the fate which he dreaded: the faculties of his mind decayed before those of his body, and he gradually settled into absolute idiocy. A total silence for some months preceded his decease, which took place in October, 1744, when he was in his 78th year. He was interred in St. Patrick's cathedral, under a monument, for which he wrote a Latin epitaph, in which one clause most energetically displays the state of his feelings: — "Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit." He bequeathed the greatest part of his property to an hospital for lunatics and idiots,

To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.

CADENUS AND VANESSA. *

WRITTEN AT WINDSOR, 1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
 Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
 The counsel for the fair began,
 Accusing the false creature *man*.
 The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
 On which the pleader much enlarg'd ;
 That Cupid now has lost his art,)
 Or blunts the point of every dart ; —
 His altar now no longer smokes,
 His mother's aid no youth invokes :
 This tempts freethinkers to refine,
 And bring in doubt their powers divine ;
 Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
 And marriage grown a money-league.
 Which crimes aforesaid (*with her leave*)
 Were (*as he humbly did conceive*)
 Against our sovereign lady's peace,
 Against the statute in that case,
 Against her dignity and crown :
 Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

The *nymphs* with scorn beheld their foes :
 When the *defendant's* counsel rose,
 And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
 With impudence own'd all the fact ;

* Founded on an offer of marriage made by Miss Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift, who was occasionally her preceptor. The lady's unhappy story is well known.

But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t' other sex.
That modern love is no such thing
As what those ancient poets sing ;
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind ;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Ingross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare,
From visits to receive and pay ;
From scandal, politics, and play ;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow ;
If a small breeze obstruct the course,
It whirls about, for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers.

The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind ;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts :
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame ;
The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true ;
Nor further these deponents knew : —
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
The cause appear'd of so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud :
For, if the heavenly folk should know
These pleadings *in the courts below*,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above ;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
“ And then,” said she, “ my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky ;
Or else, shut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth ;

There live, with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent."

But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by their king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft' were seen to frown;
The Graces half-asham'd look down;
And 'twas observ'd there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said she must consult her books,
The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd,
To turn to Ovid, book the second;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil (*vide* Dido's case:)
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.

There was on both sides much to say:
She 'd hear the cause another day.
And so she did; and then a third
She heard it — there, she kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,

Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join :
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends ; which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on Earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.

“ Since men allege, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure ;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells :
What preachers talk, or sages write ;
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.”

This said, she plucks in Heaven's high bowers
A sprig of *amaranthine* flowers,
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays ;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid :
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes :
From whence a cleanliness remains
Incapable of outward stains :
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes ;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand ;
They blush because they understand.

The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art ;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone ;
The outward form no help requir'd :
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair :
And said, " Vanessa be the name
By which thou shalt be known to fame ;
Vanessa, by the gods inroll'd :
Her name on Earth shall not be told."

But still the work was not complete ;
When Venus thought on a deceit,

Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
“ Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born ;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You 'd swear it is Apollo's son :
But it shall ne'er be said a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd ;
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.”

Wisdom 's above suspecting wiles :
The queen of learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy ;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to woman-kind ;
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude ;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain ;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a stand ;
She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praise ;
That meat must be with money bought :
She therefore, upon second thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth ;

Of which, as she grew up, there staid
A tincture in the prudent maid :
She manag'd her estate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child ;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.

The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
To see Vanessa thus endow'd :
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame ;
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain ;
That scholars would forsake their books,
To study bright Vanessa's looks ;
As she advanc'd, that woman-kind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide ;
Offending daughters oft' would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear :
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
“ 'Tis what Vanessa never did ! ”
“ Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
My power shall be again restor'd,
And happy lovers bless my reign — ”
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when in time the martial maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She 'd all undo that she had done.

But in the poets we may find!
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume 'not what themselves have given,
Or any brother-god in Heaven ;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds :
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause ;
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
Besides, she fear'd the queen of love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own ;
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design :
She study'd well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought ;
And therefore the deduction 's nought,

And must have contrary effects
To what her treacherous foe expects.

In proper season Pallas meets
The queen of love, whom thus she greets :
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold :)
“ Perfidious goddess ! but in vain
You form’d this project in your brain ;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceiv’d thyself, instead of me :
For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love ?
Know’st thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries, for want of sense ?
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme :
She ’ll prove the greatest of thy foes ;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But, using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course.”

The goddess thus pronounc’d her doom :
When lo ! Vanessa in her bloom
Advanc’d, like Atalanta’s star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far :
In a new world with caution stopt,
Watch’d all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread :
Would seldom at the park appear,
Nor saw the play-house twice a year ;

Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind.

First issued from perfumers' shops,
A crowd of fashionable fops :
They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play ?
Then told the tattle of the day ;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady — you know who ;
Mention'd a new Italian come
Either from Muscovy or Rome ;
Gave hints of who and who's together ;
Then fell a talking of the weather ;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine ;
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise ;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat ;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent ;
And said she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress ;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste ;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute :

That present times have no pretence
To *virtue*, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd ;
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws ;
Through nature and through art she rang'd,
And gracefully her subject chang'd ;
In vain ! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
— “ That lady is the dullest soul ! — ”
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who should say — “ She wants it here ;
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch ! ”

A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in dishabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs ;
At entrance loudest, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They called for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace ;

Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd,
As came into her fancy first;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
To scandal next — "What awkward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring?
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
I said, her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phyllis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge-beau,
I saw coquetting t' other night
In public with that odious knight!"
They rally'd next Vanessa's dress:
"That gown was made for old queen Bess.
Dear madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop!
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees."
Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex asham'd,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.

She 's not so handsome in my eyes :
For wit, I wonder where it lies !
" She 's fair and clean, and that 's the most :
But why proclaim her for a toast ?
A baby face ; no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country-fairs ;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy !
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment, how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place ;
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better."
(*To know the world ! a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.*)

Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The queen of beauty lost her aim ;
Too late with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good ;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite :
To copy her, few nymphs aspir'd ;
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd.

So stars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.

Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit :
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use :
And with address each genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd ;
Thus making others' wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new ;
She plac'd it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise ;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach :
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow ;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make ;
Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain :
One way he knows to give her pain ;
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake.
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas, now were grown ;

And Cupid hop'd they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux :
Cadenus warded off the blows ;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's *Morals* struck, were spoil'd.

The queen of wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent the Fates' decree :
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamant chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search, betray'd.

Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost :
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
" I find," said he, " she wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and instruct her :
I'll give her what she most admires,
Among those venerable sires,
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Cares'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.

D D S

Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice."

Cadenus many things had writ :
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works :
Meantime the boy in secret lurks ;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her smart.

Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four ;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind :
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies music in his tongue ;
No farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd ?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak ?
As years increase, she brighter shines :
Cadenus with each day declines :

And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.

Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart ;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit.
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs :
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew ;
She hourly press'd for something new ;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind ;
She reason'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought :
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a distracted mind :
For, though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures ;

Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide :
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain ;
Said, she should be no longer teas'd,
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd ;
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong,
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age ;
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grand monde* ;
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme :
He wak'd, and found it but a dream ;
A project far above his skill ;
For nature must be nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters ;
Thus tutors often treat their betters :
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong ;
Yet could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain ?

She own'd the wandering of her thoughts ;
But he must answer for her faults.

She well remembered, to her cost,

That all his lessons were not lost.

Two maxims she could still produce,

And sad experience taught their use ;

That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,

Knows nothing which it dares not own ;

Can make us without fear disclose

Our inmost secrets to our foes :

That common forms were not design'd

Directors to a noble mind.

" Now," said the nymph, " to let you see

My actions with your rules agree ;

That I can vulgar forms despise,

And have no secrets to disguise :

I knew, by what you said and writ,

How dangerous things were men of wit ;

You caution'd me against their charms,

But never gave me equal arms ;

Your lessons found the weakest part,

Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart. "

Cadenus felt within him rise

Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.

He knew not how to reconcile

Such language with her usual style :

And yet her words were so express'd,

He could not hope she spoke in jest,

His thoughts had wholly been confin'd

To form and cultivate her mind.

He hardly knew, till he was told,

Whether the nymph were young or old ;

Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face :
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage ;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget :
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear ?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong ;
Would say, he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce :
The town would swear, he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid :
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks ;
And, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover !
So tender of the young and fair !
It show'd a true paternal care —
Five thousand guineas in her purse !
The doctor might have fancied worse. —

Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd every word he spoke ;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans conséquence*.
She rallied well, he always knew :
Her manner now was something new ;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,

Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest :
For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies ;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought ;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a *bite*.

But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself describ'd
His doctrines when she first imbib'd :
What he had planted now was grown ;
His virtues she might call her own ;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last :
Why she likes him, admire not at her ;
She loves herself, and that 's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days !
(Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd,)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprize
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,

How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead !
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face !
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend ;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach :
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit ;
While every passion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more :
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd ;
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass ;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline ;
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her side.

It was an unforeseen event ;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes :
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When Miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get ;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice ;
And oft' the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by 't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame ;
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose ;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux !
So bright a nymph to come unsought !
Such wonder by his merit wrought !
'Tis merit must with her prevail !
He never knew her judgment fail !
She noted all she ever read !
And had a most discerning head !
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools,
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify, his pride ;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast ;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all ?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet ;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear ;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return ;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem ;
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.

While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits :

For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne;
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though she already can discern,
Her scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach:
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success Vanessa met,
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;

Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

Meantime the mournful queen of love
Led but a weary life above.

She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise :
For, though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent ;
Though her design was not obtain'd,
Yet had she much experience gain'd ;
And by the project vainly try'd,
Could better now the *cause* decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met ; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace ;
And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief,
Nor spend their time to show their reading ;
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the *men*.

But, in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court,

Wherein she grievously complains,
“ How she was cheated by the swains :
On whose petition (humbly showing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end) —
She was at Lord knows what expense
To form a nymph of wit and sense,
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.
She saw her favour was misplac'd ;
The fellows had a wretched taste ;
She needs must tell them to their face,
They were a stupid, senseless race ;
And, were she to begin again,
She 'd study to reform the *men* ;
Or add some grains of folly more
To *women*, than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot ;
And this, or nothing else would do 't.
This might their mutual fancy strike,
Since every being loves its *like*.

“ But now, repenting what was done,
She left all business to her son ;
She puts the world in his possession,
And let him use it at discretion.”

The cryer was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last *O yes* !
The goddess would no longer wait ;
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to Heaven.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1790.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign ;
And, if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose its trade :
Nay, though the treacherous tapster Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.

Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An *angel's* face a little crack'd :
(Could poets or could painters fix
How *angels* look at thirty-six :)
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an *angel's* mind ;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense ;
And puts them but to small expense ;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,

So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives !
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we 'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face ?
Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed ?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight ;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken ;
Your innuendos, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows :
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve ;
That, should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be grey,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face ;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen ;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind :
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY. 1728.

SIR,

It was a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal —
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, &c.

[*Here are several verses omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promise what you claim.

My word is past, I must submit ;
And yet, perhaps, you may be bit.
I but transcribe ; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel,)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors say, not quite so soon,)
Because, though sore against her will,
She sate all night up at quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks, if it be time to rise :
Of head-ache and the spleen complains ;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glass ; and, " Betty, pray
Don't I look frightfully to-day ?
But was it not confounded hard ?
Well, if I ever touch a card !
Four *mattadores*, and lose *codille* !
Depend upon 't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six."
" Madam, the goldsmith waits below ;
He says, ' His business is to know

If you 'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn ?" — "First, show him up."
" Your dressing-plate he 'll be content
To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*
And, madam, there 's my lady Spade,
Hath sent this letter by her maid."
" Well, I remember what she won ;
And hath she sent so soon to dun ?
Here, carry down those ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals :
I thank my stars, they all are light ;
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme ;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats :
" She slipt *spadillo* in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest :
There 's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another scene give place :
Enter the folks with silks and lace :
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that :
" Observe this pattern ; there 's a stuff ;
I can have customers enough.
Dear madam, you are grown so hard —
This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard :
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan."

This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four ;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, " Madam, dinner stays."
She answers in her usual style,
" The cook must keep it back awhile :
I never can have time to dress ;
(No woman breathing takes up less ;)
I'm hurried so it makes me sick ;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart :
" I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear ; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day —
But really 'tis my spouse's way !
He 's so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends :
I wish ye may but have enough !"
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite ;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit.

But let me now awhile survey
Our madam o'er her evening-tea ;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans ;
When, frightened at the clamorous crew,
Away the god of Silence flew,

And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty with blushing face :
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide ;
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air ;
Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst ;
And Vanity with pocket-glass,
And Impudence with front of brass ;
And study'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame ;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
An hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thousand were too few ?
Or how shall I, alas ! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres ?
Now comes the general scandal-charge ;
What some invent, the rest enlarge ;
And, " Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I :
I must conceal my author's name ;
But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?

Thus every fool herself deludes ;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes :
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath ;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes ;
While crooked Cynthia, sneering, says
That Florimel wears iron stays :
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows ;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women should be such coquettes :
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, " Lord, the world is so censorious !"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red :
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence :
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies :
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute ;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking ;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fish-wives o'er a cup of gin :
Not school-boys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever such incessant rout ;
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter ;

Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election ale.

Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own ;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book ;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down ;
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.

But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits :
“ And was not Tom this morning sent ?
I’d lay my life he never went :
Past six, and not a living soul !
I might by this have won a vole.”
A dreadful interval of spleen !
How shall we pass the time between ?
“ Here, Betty, let me take my drops ;
And feel my pulse, I know it stops :
This head of mine, Lord, how it swims !
And such a pain in all my limbs !”
“ Dear madam, try to take a nap.” —
But now they hear a footman’s rap :
“ Go, run, and light the ladies up :
It must be one before we sup.”

The table, cards, and counters, set,
And all the gamester-ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover’d quite,
Our madam can sit up all night :

"Whoever comes, I'm not within." —
Quadrille 's the word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good-fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hope to see *spadillo* rise:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys:
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the *parson* came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in 't?
I think I never had good luck in 't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays;
Your fan a moment, if you please.
Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on."
"Lord! madam, you have lost *codille*!
I never saw you play so ill."
"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
'Twas you that threw the game away:

When lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a *mattadore* ;
I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my lady call'd a king ;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you meant to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts ;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
" That 's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair, to call the king of clubs ;
And makes her partner understand
A *mattadore* is in her hand."
" Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
" And truly, madam, I know when,
Instead of five, you scor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark ;
A child may know it in the dark :
I guess'd the hand : it seldom fails :
I wish some folks would pare their nails."

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form :
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.

The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste ;
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat,
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.

At last they hear the watchman knock,
" A frosty morn — past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
" Come, let us play the other round."

Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone ;
But, first, the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky madam, left in tears,
(Who now again quadrille forswears,)
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.*

OCCASIONED BY READING THE FOLLOWING MAXIM IN,
ROCHEFOUCAULT:

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons
toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas.*

" In the adversity of our best friends, we always
find something that doth not displease us."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true :
They argue no corrupted mind
In him : the fault is in mankind.

* Written in November, 1731. — There are two
distinct poems on this subject, one of them contain-
ing many spurious lines. In what is here printed,
the genuine parts of both are preserved. N.

F F 3

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast :
“ In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends ;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.”

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low ?
I love my friend as well as you :
But why should he obstruct my view ?
Then let me have the higher post ;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won ;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt ?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without :
How patiently you hear him groan !
How glad the case is not your own !

What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he ?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell ?

Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses ;

The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human-kind ! fantastic race !
Thy various follies who can trace ?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our heart divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all to me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire ;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine :
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six ;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, " Pox take him and his wit !"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd at first, and show'd its use,
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose ;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside ;
If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em ?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts ; but never to my friend :

I tamely can endure the first ;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die ;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends :
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
“ See how the Dean begins to break !

Poor gentleman, he droops apace !

You plainly find it in his face.

That old vertigo in his head

Will never leave him till he's dead.

Besides, his memory decays :

He recollects not what he says ;

He cannot call his friends to mind ;

Forgets the place where last he din'd ;

Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;

He told them fifty times before.

How does he fancy we can sit

To bear his out-of-fashion wit ?

But he takes up with younger folks,

Who for his wine will bear his jokes.

Faith ! he must make his stories shorter,

Or change his comrades once a quarter ;

In half the time he talks them round,

There must another set be found.

“ For poetry, he's past his prime :

He takes an hour to find a rhyme ;

His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen ;
But there 's no talking to some men !"

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years :
" He 's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail ;
Last year we thought him strong and hale ;
But now he 's quite another thing :
I wish he may hold out till spring !"
They hug themselves and reason thus :
" It is not yet so bad with us !"

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, " Worse and worse !")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, " God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he who prophesy'd the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest :
" You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He 'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.

Not one foretells I shall recover ;
But, all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain ;
How many a message would he send !
What hearty prayers that I should mend !
Inquire what regimen I kept ?
What gave me ease, and how I slept ?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear ;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verify'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive !
" How is the Dean ? " — " He 's just alive. "
Now the departing prayer is read ;
He hardly breathes — the Dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
" Oh ! may we all for death prepare !
What has he left ? and who 's his heir ? "
" I know no more than what the news is ;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses. "
" To public uses ! there 's a whim !
What had the public done for him ?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride :
He gave it all — but first he dy'd.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation ?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood ! "

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd ;
With elegies the town is cloy'd :
Some paragraph in every paper,
To *curse* the Dean, or *bless* the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
“ We must confess, his case was nice ;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years :
For, when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound.”

From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, “ the Dean is dead.”
And lady Suffolk *, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, “ Is he gone ! 'tis time he should.
He 's dead, you say ; then let him rot :
I'm glad the medals† were forgot.
I promis'd him, I own ; but when ?
I only was the princess then :
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing.”

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy :
“ Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,”
Cries Bob, “ I'm sorry for the news :

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean. N.

† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the princess. N.

Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will !
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead !"

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains :
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains !
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He 'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters ;
Revive the libels born to die :
Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent,
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
" I'm sorry — but we all must die !"

Indifference, clad in wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies :
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt !
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear ;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between :
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling ;
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps :
" The Dean is dead : (Pray what is trumps ?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall :
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend ?
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight ;
And he 's engag'd to-morrow night :
My lady Club will take it ill,
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He lov'd the Dean — (I lead a heart :)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come ; he ran his race ;
We hope he 's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die ?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past ; a different scene !
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas ! no more is miss'd,
Than if he never did exist.
Where 's now the favourite of Apollo ?
Departed : — *and his works must follow ;*
Must undergo the common fate ;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot, " I have heard the name ;
He dy'd a year ago." — " The same."

He searches all the shop in vain.
“ Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane :
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cook’s.
To fancy they could live a year !
I find you ’re but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past :
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff ;
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to show ’em :
Here ’s Colley Cibber’s birth-day poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.
Then here ’s a letter finely penn’d
Against the Craftsman and his friend :
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here ’s Sir Robert’s vindication,
And Mr. Henley’s last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet :
Your honour please to buy a set ?
“ Here ’s Wolston’s tracts, the twelfth
edition ;
’Tis read by every politician :
The country-members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down ;
You never met a thing so smart ;
The courtiers have them all by heart :
Those maids of honour who can read,
Are taught to use them for their creed.

The reverend author's good intention
Hath been rewarded with a pension * :
He doth an honour to his gown,
By bravely running *priest-craft* down :
He shows, as sure as God 's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor ;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats :
The church had never such a writer ;
A shame he hath not got a mitre !”

Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose ;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without ;
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws.
“ The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court,
Although, ironically grave,
He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave ;
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.”

“ Sir, I have heard another story ;
He was a most *confounded* Tory,
And grew, or he is much bely'd,
Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd.”

“ Can we the Drapier then forget ?
Is not our nation in his debt ?

* Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston. N.

'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters !" —

“ He should have left them for his *bettors* :

We had a hundred *abler men*,

Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*. —

Say what you will about his *reading*,

You never can *defend* his *breeding* ;

Who, in his *satires* running riot,

Could never leave the *world* in *quiet* ;

Attacking, when he took the *whim*,

Court, city, camp — all one to him. —

But why would he, except he *slobber'd*,

Offend our *patriot*, great Sir Robert,

Whose *counsels* aid the sovereign power

To save the nation every hour !

What *scenes* of evil he unravels,

In *satires, libels, lying travels* ;

Not sparing his own *clergy cloth*,

But *eats* into it, like a *moth* !”

“ Perhaps I may allow the Dean

Had too much satire in his vein,

And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,

Because no age could more deserve it.

Yet malice never was his aim ;

He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.

No individual could resent,

Where thousands equally were meant :

His satire points at no defect,

But what all mortals may correct ;

For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe

Who call it humour when they gibe :

He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,

Whose owners set not up for beaux.

True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
 Unless it offer'd to be witty.
 Those who their ignorance confest,
 He ne'er offended with a jest ;
 But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
 A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
 Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*.
 If you *resent* it, who 's to blame ?
 He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*.
 Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its *owner* is a *duke* ?
 His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling kind ;
 No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed :
 Where titles give no right or power,
 And peerage is a wither'd flower ;
 He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 If such a wretch had known his face.
 On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 He vented oft his wrath in vain :
 ***** squires to market brought,
 Who sell their souls and **** for nought :
 The ***** go joyful back,
 To rob the church, their tenants rack ;
 Go snacks with ***** justices,
 And keep the peace to pick up fees ;
 In every job to have a share,
 A gaol or turnpike to repair ;
 And turn ***** to public roads
 Commodious to their own abodes.

“ He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him ;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration ;
Of no man’s greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man’s aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs :
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends ;
And only chose the wise and good ;
No flatterers ; no allies in blood :
But succour’d virtue in distress,
And seldom fail’d of good success ;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.

“ He kept with princes due decorum ;
Yet never stood in awe before ’em.
He follow’d David’s lesson just ;
In princes never put his trust :
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you nam’d,
With what impatience he declaim’d !
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry ;
For her he stood prepar’d to die ;
For her he boldly stood alone ;
For her he oft expos’d his own.

Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head ;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.

“ Had he but spar’d his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men :
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat :
Ingratitude he often found,
And pity’d those who meant the wound ;
But kept the tenour of his mind,
To merit well of human-kind ;
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour’d many a fruitless hour,
To reconcile his friends in power ;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other’s ruin.
But, finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.

“ And, oh ! how short are human schemes !
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John’s skill in state affairs,
What Ormond’s valour, Oxford’s cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy’d by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts ;
By solemn league and covenant bound,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound ;

To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel ;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown ;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story :
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded virtue stand !

“ With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene :
His friends in exile, or the Tower,
Himself within the frown of power ;
Pursued by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of s—— and fens ;
A servile race in folly nurs'd,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.

“ By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution ;
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merit was to be his foes ;
When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels.

“ The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous destructive cheat ;
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin ;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.

“ To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench ;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian ;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded ;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent :
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends ;
Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.

“ In exile, with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part ;
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.”

“ Alas, poor Dean ! his only scope
Was to be held a *misanthrope*.
This into general *odium* drew him,
Which if he lik'd, *much good may 't do him*.
His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
But *discontent* against the times :
For, had we made him *timely* offers,
To raise his *post*, or fill his *coffers*,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other *brethren* of his *gown* ;
For *party* he would scarce have bled : —
I say no more — because he 's *dead*. —

What *writings* has he left behind?"

"I hear they 're of a different kind :
A few in *verse* ; but most in prose —"

"Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose : —
All scribbled in the *worst* of times,
To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes ;
To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
As never favouring the Pretender :
Or *libels* yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the *court* to show his *spite* :
Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third* ;
A *lie* at every *second word* —
Offensive to a *loyal ear* : —
But — *not one sermon*, you may *swear*."

"He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
Was cheerful to his dying day ;
And friends would let him have his way.

"As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought them ;
But this I know, all people bought them,
As with a moral view design'd
To *please* and to *reform* mankind :
And, if he often miss'd his aim,
The *world* must own it to their *shame*,
The *praise* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad ;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.

That kingdom he hath left his debtor ;
I wish it soon may have a better.
And, since you dread no further *lashes*,
Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*."

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO YEW-TREES
IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE, SOMERSET.

1708.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent ;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win ;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints, in woeful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last ;

Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry, — "What ar't?"
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on 't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
"Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *saints*," the hermits said:
"No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes."

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter ;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below :
In vain ; for a superior force,
Apply'd at bottom, stops its course ;
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels ;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower :
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see 't ;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly movès an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side :
'The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone ;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd ;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,

Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter ;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe. *

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews ;
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.

* The tribes of Israel are sometimes distinguished in country churches by the ensigns given to them by Jacob.

Philemon, having paus'd awhile,
Return'd them thanks in homely style :
Then said, " My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine ;
I'm old, and fain would live at ease ;
Make me the *parson*, if you please."

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels :
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve ;
His waistcoat to a cassoc grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue ;
But, being old, continued just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues* :
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news ;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text ;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart ;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last ;
Against *dissenters* would repine,
And stood up firm for *right divine* ;
Found his head fill'd with many a system ;
But classic authors, — he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen* ;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black sattin, flounc'd with lace.

Plain *Goody* would no longer down ;
'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim ;
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife ;
When, on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk ;
When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out,
" My dear, I see your forehead sprout !" [us?
" Sprout !" quoth the man ; " what 's this you tell
I hope you don't believe me jealous ?
But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
And really yours is budding too : —
Nay — now I cannot stir my foot ;
It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would but tire my Muse ;
In short, they both were turn'd to *yews*.

Old Goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers, he the trees has seen :
He 'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight :
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there ;
Points out the place of either *yew* ;
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon*, grew :
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut *Baucis* down ;

At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubbed, dy'd a-top, was stunted ;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

1709.

Now hardly here and there an hackney coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy Morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own ;
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal-man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet ;
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the
street.

The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees :
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

H H 3

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN SHOULD BE TURNED
INTO A BARRACK OR A MALT-HOUSE. 1729.

Thus spoke to my lady the knight * full of care :
" Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn †, whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land ;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a *barrack* or *malt-house*, we now must consider.

" First, let me suppose I make it a *malt-house*,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us ;
There 's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain ;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year :
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd ;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board ;
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine ;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my surloin.
If I make it a *barrack*, the crown is my tenant !
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on 't :

* Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.

† A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat. F.

In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent ;
 Whatever they give me, I must be content,
 Or join with the court in every debate ;
 And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
 Thus ended the knight ; thus began his *meek* wife :
 " It *must*, and it *shall* be a *barrack*, my life.
 I'm grown a mere *mopus* ; no company comes,
 But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull Rums §,
 With parsons what lady can keep herself clean ?
 I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
 But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
 The captain, I'm sure, will always come here ;
 I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
 For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe ;
 Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert ;
 That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
 And not among ladies to give themselves airs."

Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain ;
 The knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But Hannah ||, who listen'd to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
 As soon as her ladyship call'd to be drest,
 Cry'd, " Madam, why surely my master 's possess !
 Sir Arthur the maltster ! how fine it will sound !
 I'd rather the *bawn* were sunk under ground.
 But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
 When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood. ¶

§ A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman. F.

|| My lady's waiting-woman. F

¶ Two of Sir Arthur's managers. N.

And now my dream 's out ; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat— O dear, how I scream'd !
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes ;
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.

“ Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a *barrack* whenever you please :
And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest ;
And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets ;
But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink :
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd ;
Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
Now see, when they meet, how their honours behave :
' Noble captain, your servant' — ' Sir Arthur, your
slave ;

You honour me much' — ' The honour is mine.' —
' 'Twas a sad rainy night' — ' But the morning is
fine.' [service.] —

' Pray how does my lady ?' — ' My wife's at your
' I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.' —

' Good morrow, good captain. I'll wait on you
down.' — [clown :

' You sha'n't stir a foot.' — ' You 'll think me a

For all the world, captain —' — ' Not half an inch farther.' — [Arthur !

' You must be obey'd !' — ' Your servant, Sir My humble respects to my lady unknown.' —

' I hope you will use my house as your own.' "

" Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate, Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."

" Pray, madam, be quiet ; what was it I said ? You had like to have put it quite out of my head. Next day, to be sure, the captain will come, At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum. Now, madam, observe how he marches in state : The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate : Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow, Tantara, tantara ; while all the boys hollow. See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold lace : O la ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ; And see how he rides like a lord of the land, With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand ; And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears ; With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears : At last comes the troop by the word of command, Drawn up in our court ; when the captain cries,
STAND !

Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen
(For sure I had *dizen'd* you out like a queen).
The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver.
(His beaver is cock'd ; pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle ;
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the
bridle :))

Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
 As a compliment due to a lady so fair ;
 (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt ;)
 Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
 Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin :
 ‘ Pray, captain, be pleas’d to alight and walk in.’
 The captain salutes you with congee profound,
 And your ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.
 ‘ Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us ;
 I’m sure he ’ll be proud of the honour you do us.
 And, captain, you ’ll do us the favour to stay,
 And take a short dinner here with us to-day :
 You ’re heartily welcome ; but as for good cheer,
 You come in the very worst time of the year :
 If I had expected so worthy a guest —’
 ‘ Lord ! madam ! your ladyship sure is in jest :
 You banter me, madam ; the kingdom must grant—’
 ‘ You officers, captain, are so complaisant !’ ”
 “ Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming—”
 “ No, madam ; ’tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
 To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
 The captain at dinner appears in his glory ;
 The Dean and the doctor * have humbled their pride,
 For the captain ’s entreated to sit by your side ;
 And, because he ’s their betters, you carve for him
 first ;
 The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
 The servants amaz’d are scarce ever able
 To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table ;
 And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
 To peep at the captain all in his fine *clo’es*.

* Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood. F.

Dear madam, be sure he 's a fine-spoken man,
 Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran ;
 ' And, madam,' says he, ' if such dinners you give,
 You 'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
 I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose ;
 But the Devil 's as welcome wherever he goes :
 G—d—n me ! they bid us reform and repent,
 But, z—s ! by their looks they never keep Lent.
 Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
 You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid :
 I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
 In mending your cassoc, and smoothing your hand.
 (For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
 That the captain suppos'd he was curate to Jinny.)
 Whenever you see a cassoc and gown,
 A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
 Observe how a parson comes into a room ;
 G—d—n me ! he hobbles as bad as my groom ;
 A *scholar*, when just from his college broke loose,
 Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose ;
 Your *Noveds*, and *Bluturcks*, and *Omurs* *, and stuff,
 By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
 To give a young gentleman right education,
 The army 's the only good school in the nation :
 My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
 But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school ;
 I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
 And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
 He caught me one morning coquetting his wife ;
 But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life :

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers,

So I took to the road, and what 's very odd,
 The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
 Now, madam, you 'll think it a strange thing to say,
 But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.'

" Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
 And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
 So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the Dean,
 As who should say, *Now, am I skinny and lean ?**
 But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
 And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
 Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
 Till she heard the Dean call, " Will your ladyship
 walk?"

Her ladyship answers, " I'm just coming down :"
 Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cry'd, " Hussy, why sure the *wench* is gone mad!
 How could these *chimeras* get into your brains? —
 Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
 But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
 Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers :
 For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye:
 Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*."

ON POETRY: A RHAPSODY. 1733.

ALL human race would fain be *wits*,
 And millions miss for one that hits.
 Young's universal passion, *pride*,
 Was never known to spread so wide.

* Nick-names for my lady.

Say, Britain, could you ever boast,
 Three poets in an age at most ?
 Our chilling climate hardly bears
 A *sprig* of bays in fifty years ;
 While every fool his claim alleges,
 As if it grew in common hedges.
 What reason can there be assign'd
 For this perverseness in the mind ?
 Brutes find out where their talents lie :
 A *bear* will not attempt to fly ;
 A founder'd *horse* will oft debate,
 Before he tries a five-barr'd gate ;
 A *dog* by instinct turns aside,
 Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
 But *man* we find the only creature
 Who, led by *folly*, combats nature ;
 Who, when *she* loudly cries, *forbear*,
 With obstinacy fixes there ;
 And, where his genius least inclines,
 Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Not *empire* to the rising Sun
 By valour, conduct, fortune won ;
 Not highest *wisdom* in debates
 For framing laws to govern states ;
 Not skill in sciences profound,
 So large to grasp the circle round ;
 Such heavenly influence require,
 As how to strike the *Muse's lyre*.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot ;
 Not bastard of a pedlar Scot ;
 Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
 The spawn of Bridewell or the stews ;

Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
 Of *gypsies* littering under hedges;
 Are so disqualified by fate
 To rise in *church*, or *law*, or *state*,
 As he whom Phœbus in his ire
 Hath blasted with poetic fire.

What hope of custom in the *fair*,
 While not a soul demands your ware?
 Where you have nothing to produce
 For private life, or public use?
Court, *city*, *country*, want you not;
 You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
 For poets, law makes no provision;
 The wealthy have you in derision:
 Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
 Are awkward when you try to flatter:
 Your portion, taking Britain round,
 Was just one annual hundred pound;
 Now not so much as in remainder,
 Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
 For ever fix'd by right divine
 (A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.

Poor starveling bard, how small thy gains!
 How unproportioned to thy pains!
 And here a *simile* comes pat in:
 Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
 The guests in less than half an hour
 Will more than half a score devour.
 So, after toiling twenty days
 To earn a stock of pence and praise,
 Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
 Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;

Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.

How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner
Instructing thus a young beginner.

Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.

Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit, all printed trash is
Set off with numerous *breaks* and *dashes*.

To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *italic type*.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in *capitals* exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:

Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant ;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost :
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd !
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint :
The product of your toil and sweating ;
A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say ;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion :
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side :
For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame ;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse :

And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon 't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone :
Consider what a risk you run :
You lose your credit all at once ;
The town will mark you for a dunce ;
The vilest doggrel Grub-street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends ;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place :

Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time,
Again you fail : yet *Safe* 's the word ;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults ;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The *similes* that nothing fit ;
The *cant* which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffee-house conceits ;
Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why :
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet ;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant ;
A public or a private *robber*,
A *statesman*, or a South-sea *jobber* ;
A *prelate* who no God believes ;
A parliament, or den of thieves ;

A pick-purse at the bar or bench ;
A duchess, or a suburb-wench :
Or oft', when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink ;
Like stepping-stones to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide ;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short ;
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish :
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er uninhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away :
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party-merit seek support ;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence :
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower ;
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies :

His humble *senate* this professes,
In all their *speeches, votes, addresses*.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom ;
And each perfection wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze :
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on Earth turns devil in Hell :
And lo ! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait ;
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below ;
And, as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote ;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple-barking mouth to stop ;
Or in the ivory gate of dreams
Project excise and South-sea schemes ;
Or hire the party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kings alive :
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet ;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own ;
For *law* and *gospel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine :

(I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case,)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve awhile.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art ;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critic's jargon :
Then talk with more authentic face
Of *unities, in time and place* ;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends ;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote ;
Judicious Rymer oft' review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu ;
Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,
(Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.)

A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous* ;
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he overrun ye,
Procure the book for love or money,

Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus, from the table head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air ;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up or run it down ;
Like *courtiers*, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you 'll be secure
To get the name of *connoisseur* :
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls :
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward ;
His indisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end ;
The neighbours round admire his *shrewdness*
For songs of *loyalty* and *lewdness* ;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.

Two bordering wits contend for glory ;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory :
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays :
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth ;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls,
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town :
Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar ;
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day strains ;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace ;
Where Pope will never show his face ;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter *knaves*, or lose his *pension*.

But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground ;
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out skips a *book of miscellanies*.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smallest watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw ;

A fox with geese his belly crams ;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs :
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worry'd by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And strive to tear you limb from limb ;
While others do as much for him.

The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey ;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind :
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen ;
Call dunces fools and sons of whores,
Lay Grub-street at each other's doors ;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters ;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded ;
How wrong a taste prevails among us ;
How much our ancestors outsung us ;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born ;
And all their brother-dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.

O Grub-street ! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee !
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot ;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place.
Yet *thou* hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the *low sublime* !
For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
Blackmore alone his place supply'd :
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When Death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the *hollow tree*.
But ah ! how unsecure thy throne !
A thousand bards thy right disown :
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common weal ;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to *descend*.

In bulk there are not more degrees
From *elephants* to *mites* in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse, and worse, they fall ;
But who can reach the worst of all ?

For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite ;
In poetry, the height we know ;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance : when you rashly think,
No rhymers can like Welsted sink,
His merits balanc'd, you shall find
The laureat leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops :
The rest pursue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre ;
And, as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.

Oh, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muse's name !
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind ;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.

Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test ;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter ;
What justice in rewarding merit !
What magnanimity of spirit !
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face !
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.

VOL. V.

K K

Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The *consort* of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
(Late, very late, oh may he rule us !)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown !
Then think, what wonders will be done,
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as Sun and Moon endure.

The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood :
Bright goddesses, in number five ;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the *minister of state*,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court :
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing !
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector ;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.

Of pious prelates what a stock .
You choose, to rule the sable flock !
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now, learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breasts and sides Herculean
He fix'd the *star* and *string cerulean*.

Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation !
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strow your bays :
Your panegyrics here provide ;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis, all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load ;
But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals ly'd.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true ! invidious poet !
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in Heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side ;

They teach you how to split a hair,
 Give George and Jove an equal share.
 Yet why should we be lac'd so straight ?
 I'll give my monarch butter-weight.
 And reason good ; for many a year
 Jove never intermeddled here :
 Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
 Did ever we desire his aid :
 We now can better do without him,
 Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.
Cætera desiderantur.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY-SHOWER,

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS. 1710.

CAREFUL observers may foretell the hour
 (By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
 While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
 Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
 Returning home at night, you 'll find the sink
 Strike your offended sense with double stink.
 If you be wise, then go not far to dine ;
 You 'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
 A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
 Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
 Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen ;
 He damns the climate, and complains of *spleen*.
 Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
 A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,

That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope :
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean :
You fly, invoke the gods ; then, turning, stop
To rail ; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But aided by the wind, fought still for life ;
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah ! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade ?
Sole coat ! where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain !

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every spout 's abroad,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds ; he trembles from within.

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine,
 But shall with unattainted honour shine ;
 Nor stoops to take the *staff**, nor lays it down,
 Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
 Some new unbeaten passage to the sky ;
 Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
 To those who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful silence hath a sure reward ;
 Within our breast be every secret barr'd !
 He who betrays his friend, shall never be
 Under one roof, or in one ship, with me.
 For who with traitors would his safety trust,
 Lest, with the wicked, Heaven involve the just ?
 And, though the villain 'scape awhile, he feels
 Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION. 1699.

To their excellencies the lords justices of Ireland †,
 the humble petition of Frances Harris,
 Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries ;

Humbly sheweth,
 That I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's ‡ cham-
 ber, because I was cold ;
 And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings,
 and sixpence, besides farthings, in money
 and gold :

* The ensign of the lord treasurer's office.

† The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

‡ Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germaine.

So, because I had been buying things for my lady
last night,
I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was
right.

Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very
bad lock,

Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows,
is a very small stock,

I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to
my smock.

So when I went to put up my purse, as God would
have it, my smock was unript,

And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it
slipt;

Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my lady
to bed;

And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe
as my maidenhead.

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel
very light :

But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord!
I thought I should have sunk outright.

Lord ! madam, says Mary, how d' ye do ? Indeed,
says I, never worse :

But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done
with my purse ?

Lord help me ! said Mary, I never stirr'd out of
this place :

Nay, said I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's
a plain case.

So Mary got me to bed and cover'd me up warm :
However, she stole away my garters, that I might
do myself no harm.

So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very
well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a
wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and
search'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's * box, ty'd in a rag,
the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle †, and he fell
a-swearing :
Then my dame Wadger ‡ came ; and she, you know,
is thick of hearing.
Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know
what a loss I have had ?
Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's § folks are all very
sad ;
For my Lord Dromedary || comes a Tuesday with-
out fail.
Pugh ! said I, but that 's not the business that I ail,
Says Cary ¶, says he, I have been a servant this five
and twenty years, come spring,
And in all the places I liv'd, I never heard of such
a thing.

* Wife to one of the footmen.

† Earl of Berkeley's valet.

‡ The old deaf housekeeper.

§ Galway.

|| The Earl of Drogheda, who, with the primate,
was to succeed the two earls.

¶ Clerk of the kitchen.

Yes, says the steward *, I remember, when I was
at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of
gooseberries.
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her
full of grief,
(Now, you must know, of all things in the world,
I hate a thief.)
However, I am resolv'd to bring the discourse slyly
about :
Mrs. Dukes, said I, here 's an ugly accident has
happen'd out :
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a
louse † ;
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the
house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence,
makes a great hole in my wages :
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in
these ages.
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body
understands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go
without hands.
The *devil* take me ! said she (blessing herself) if
ever I saw 't !
So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as though I had call'd
her all to naught.

* Ferris.

† An usual saying of hers.

So, you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well ; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man !

No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the *chaplain* will be here anon.

So the chaplain * came in. Now, the servants say he is my sweetheart,

Because he 's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.

So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd?

(Now, you must know, he hates to be call'd *parson* like the *devil* !)

Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil ;

If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says, d' ye see ;

You are no *text* for my handling ; so take that from me :

I was never taken for a *conjuror* before, I'd have you to know.

Lord! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so ;

You know I honour the cloth ; I design to be a *parson's* wife ;

I never took one in your coat for a *conjuror*, in all my life.

* Dr. Swift.

With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as
who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me ! and so went
away.

Well : I thought I should have swoon'd. Lord !
said I, what shall I do ?

I have lost my *money*, and shall lose my *true love*
too !

Then my lord call'd me : Harry *, said my lord,
don't cry ;

I'll give you something towards thy loss ; and,
says my lady, so will I.

Oh ! but, said I, what if, after all, the chaplain
won't come to ?

For that, he said, (an't please your *excellencies*,) I
must petition you.

The premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire your
excellencies protection,

And that I may have a share in next Sunday's col-
lection ;

And over and above, that I may have your *excellen-
cies* letter,

With an order for the *chaplain* aforesaid, or, instead
of him, a better :

And then your poor *petitioner*, both night and day,
Or the *chaplain* (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound,
shall ever *pray*.

* A cant word of Lord and Lady B. to Mrs.
Harris.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW,

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast ;

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek ;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn :
Mordanto 's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone ;
The roads are with his followers strown ;
This breaks a girth and that a bone.

VOL. V.

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His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He 's with you like an apparition :

Shines in all climates like a star ;
In senates bold, and fierce in war ;
A land commander, and a tar :

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-sake, Charles of Sweden.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill ;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool ;
Nor loudly cackles at the door ;
For cackling shows the goose is poor.

But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare :
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs ;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet fresh in pay
(The third night's profits of his play) ;
His morning-draughts till noon can swill
Among his brethren of the quill :
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight ?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note ?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road ;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth,
To raise the lumber from the Earth.

But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale ;
His two-years' coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air ;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind ;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case :

Now his exalted spirit loaths
Encumbrances of food and clothes ;
And up he rises, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper ;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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